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THE RIGHT REV. DR. W. D. MACLAGAN, THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is something very natural—let those call it “*morbid*” who will—in the interest men take in the last words of their fellow-mortals. They may not be worth much from an intellectual point of view. The brain is often weakened that suggests them, and “the last flicker of the candle” is but a poor light to view things by; but they have a weight of their own with us that no other words have.

He preached as though he ne'er should preach again
And as a dying man to dying men,

is the finest expression for this feeling in the language, and understood by all. But the very value set upon last words has produced a false currency of them. It is generally understood that Addison did not expire with that edifying farewell on his lips to his dissipated stepson: “I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die”; and Pitt’s farewell: “Oh, my country! How I leave my country!” is equally mythical. In both cases, however, the contradiction was not long in coming, and whole generations were not brought up in the faith of those last utterances. But to tell us, as we have of late been told, that Nelson’s last words were not “Kiss me, Hardy,” “I have done my duty,” and “I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter as a legacy to my country,” is nothing less than an outrage. History one has long ceased to believe in, but has biography come to such a pass that the statements of contemporaries are to be set aside by those of critics of the third generation? We shall next be told that Nelson never signalled “England expects that every man will do his duty”—an observation, by the way, most characteristic of his sanguine character. In the village where I passed my youth, there was a local pleasantries founded upon this incident. Our clergyman, who never appeared in his pulpit if he could help it, used to be likened to England “because he expected every man to do *his* duty.” It would be a shameful thing, indeed, if my old parish (which has never made another) should be robbed of its only joke by a newspaper correspondent.

That considerable minority of the human race who take pleasure in the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures would have derived much satisfaction from a visit to Hampton Court during the late Whitsuntide holidays. Regardless of the frequently recurring storms, many persons, tired of contemplating the beauties of King Charles’s Court in the picture galleries, or (perhaps) too modest to look at them, were so audacious as to enter “the maze” between the showers. When the hail and snow came down, the stampede of these trustful individuals was a spectacle indeed; for either their guide, philosopher, and friend with the directing wand had himself fled for shelter and deserted them, or in their hurry and flurry they were unable to understand his instructions for extricating themselves. In one sense, however, they were very much “put out,” and expressed themselves in what used to be called most unparliamentary language. Unlike the month of March, they went in like lambs, and came out, when they did come out, like (sea)lions—wet ones. There are dreadful stories of pleasure-seekers who have become grey-beards in that Rosamond’s Bower: how a lavish youth, invited to dine with one from whom he had expectations, ventured into the labyrinth, and, having tipped its guardian genius beforehand, was deserted by him, and never emerging from it in time, thereby marred his future; and a still darker tale of a bridegroom who, seeking in the green coolness to pass the leaden hours before the nuptial ceremony, passed too many of them, and arrived at the church door only to witness the departure of his beloved with another. Justly indignant at his delay, and resolutely determined to be married to somebody, she had gone off with his best man.

The artist who “did” the illustration for the catalogue of the Naval Exhibition has got into hot water with the critics for portraying the sailor looking through the telescope with his other eye open. But even the critics do not know everything, and the naval authorities have decided that the artist was right. It is only land-lubbers (and critics) who use but one eye in looking through a telescope. I feel sure this is a correct statement, because I never see anything when I look through a telescope except with the other eye. Of course I say I see, but it is only a complimentary statement to please the gentleman who owns the instrument. It is the way with nine-tenths of mankind, and with a still greater proportion of the female sex. When first the telegraph was invented, it was called in the North (where the jokers live) the tell-tale-graph, because of its monstrous statements; but the fact is that the telescope has made people tell more stories than the telegraph ever told. It requires an apprenticeship to know how to keep it steady; it wobbles as though it (or you) had the *delirium tremens*; and even when it is fixed upon three legs, it always goes up and down, and never straight. Such is my experience of the common telescope, and it is shared by thousands, though few have the honesty to confess it.

A question has arisen concerning the ownership of prescriptions. Hitherto, to judge by the way in which a good one is handed from friend to friend, they have been considered to be the property of the patient. They have certainly a value which is not generally attached to them—namely, that they often save a doctor’s visit when his client is attacked a second time by the same complaint. In this respect, the doctor who charges less for attendance but sends out his own drugs is by no means the cheaper doctor. The theory encouraged by the Faculty is that, though our disease may be the same as on the first occasion, the conditions may not be so, and that we should be very foolish to act without advice; but, then, we are so foolish. I have been told by a great medical authority that though patent medicines, from a professional point of view, are of course “poison,” they are generally good prescriptions extravagantly puffed.

At the beginning of the present century there was an inquiry set on foot concerning the influence of music in the cure of disease. This was, of course, a revival, since Pindar tells us of how *Æsculapius* employed it; while Theophrastus suggests a musical prescription for the gout, and also as a cure for the bite of a viper. “Music,” says an old writer, “assists circulation, dissipates vapours, and promotes perspiration.” Farinelli’s singing cured the King of Spain of a prolonged stupor. M. Burette, Dr. Burney tells us in his “History of Music,” prescribed music for the sciatica, and thought it might not only “give relief in certain nervous diseases, but even effect a radical cure.” The character of the tune was supposed to be of great importance, but I know of some patients who could be treated in this way without that particularity of detail. In the absence of a musical taste in the invalid, however, that of his family might be consulted. “Dear Papa” might make progress on the road to health thanks to either the “Songs without Words” or the Nigger melodies.

Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais have both been “drawn” (in their turn) by an ingenious correspondent to give their opinion as to the existence of genius. They have both made sensible replies, to the effect that nothing considerable has ever been done in Art without great pains. They do not believe in the theory of inspiration so far as the “throwing off” of masterpieces is concerned. In some things, and especially in poetry, this is, no doubt, occasionally done; but no sustained effort can be thus attained. If the popular opinion on the matter were correct, a man of genius should show himself to be one always, and not only occasionally, as is actually the case. He often falls not only below himself, but below the man of talent, as he is called. It flatters human nature to think otherwise, but the difference between them is probably only in degree.

A correspondent sends me, apropos of the young lady traveller in Italy who had never heard of Catullus, a companion incident concerning Hadrian. A party were starting the other day from an hotel at Rome to see Hadrian’s Villa, when a lady visitor, who had made acquaintance with them at the table d’hôte, asked permission to join them. A vacant seat in the landau was accordingly given to her. Her first contribution to the conversation was as follows: “Well, I do hope the Hadrians will be out, for I have always heard that they have such a lovely place, and I should like to see all over it.” (“The Hadrians” is really admirable; better even than “the Adamses,” the name by which the American girl described our first parents.) This anecdote only strengthens one’s position regarding the charms of simplicity, for how small is the satisfaction to be derived from the most accurate knowledge of Hadrian, compared with this delightful ignorance of him!

American novels are mostly of two kinds—the one with a good deal of shooting and swearing, and the other purely domestic. There are very few of the medium—except, indeed, of the spiritual medium—kind, of which we have so many examples in English fiction, where quiet scenes are sandwiched, as it were, with dramatic ones. The domestic weapon is, in the one case, a revolver; in the other, the umbrella. “A New England Nun, and other Stories,” is of the latter class. The atmosphere is quite free from gunpowder, but is strongly impregnated with “catechism and bread and butter.” The tone is not only quiet and decorous, it is hushed to a whisper. Not only are there no scenes of luxury, but scarcely even of comfort. Everything is plain to ugliness. “A long row of little cheap houses stretched on each side of the narrow, dusty street” is the scene of every drama. The author seems to revel in this sort of environment, like a religious ascetic in his pulse and water. And yet it is amazing how interesting are the pictures drawn with these apparently insufficient materials. There is not only a tender pathos in many of them, but very graphic touches of human nature. Here is a description of some unhappy women in an almshouse—not the almshouse painters draw, picturesque and comfortable, but a sort of fourth-class boarding-house. These women “had nothing; but at one time or another they had had something over which to plume themselves and feel that precious pride of possession. Their present was to them a state of simple existence; they regarded their future with a vague resignation. They were none of them thinkers, and there was no case of rapturous piety among them. In their pasts alone they took real comfort, and they kept, as it were, feeling of them [*sic!*] to see if they were not still warm with life.” This reads like George Eliot, and there is much more in the volume that reminds us of her; only it is a George Eliot become Quietist or Quaker.

Sir William Dalby has reprinted a paper from the *Lancet* on “Bubble Remedies in Aural Surgery,” which is worth the attention of all who are “a little hard of hearing,” and especially of those who are, in addition, a little soft in the skull. It is a note of warning which, being addressed to the eye, will be of service to them; and it is also humorous, which is not usual with articles in medical journals. “The Bubble Remedy, chameleon-like in its hues, occasionally assumes the aspect of a surgical procedure. In approaching the subject as delicately as possible, let me say that I have sometimes hoped that there may exist in the human mind a faculty which permits the possessor of it to persuade himself of the inutility and general harmfulness of some portion of the human body—not in the precise instance of his own body, but of that of others. How else are we to explain the determination with which some practitioners extirpate an apparently unoffending portion of the organism, for reasons that appear to be not only quite illogical, but which require the profoundest ingenuity to discover?” For example, Sir William has often been asked by a patient “whether he would be cured by the removal of his middle turbinated bone.” This operation, or mutilation, it appears,

is much recommended as a remedy for deafness. Other bubble remedies are not quite so heroic, but quite as absurd. Pilocarpine is a favourite one, but even after one patient had received “eighty injections” he did not seem to Sir William, nor, indeed, to himself, any the better for it. “Another way,” as Mrs. Glasse says, is to wear “artificial ear-drums” of different kinds, which, however admirable as ornaments, do not appear to quicken the hearing; those who affect trumpets, I conclude, use them alternately, since surely not even a deaf man could stand both a drum and a trumpet. Electricity (though our author is careful to restrict his remarks to its unscientific use) is also a favourite bubble remedy, the minds of the vulgar being especially liable to its fascinations. “We live,” they say, “in an age of electricity, and anything short of miracles—in which they believe to a certain point—may be expected from it.” The victims to these bubble remedies are, of course, of all kinds, but they are especially found among gentlemen of advanced age, who object (even more than to the mutilation of their middle turbinated bone) to the idea of “senile degeneration” having anything to do with their deafness.

HOME NEWS.

On May 24 her Majesty celebrated her seventy-second birthday. The Queen is now the oldest reigning Sovereign in Europe, with the single exception of the King of Denmark, who is her Majesty’s senior by one year. Her age has been exceeded by only two of our English sovereigns—George II., who lived for seventy-seven years, and George III., who attained the age of eighty-two. On June 20 next her Majesty will have reigned fifty-four years, or longer than any English Sovereign except two—Henry III. and George III.

The Queen is to return to Windsor Castle on Saturday, June 20, from Balmoral, and her Majesty will then stay there until Tuesday, July 14, when the Court is to remove to Osborne for about six weeks.

The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence, and Prince Christian were present at the Epsom Races on May 27.

The Duke of Connaught presided, on May 23, at the annual meeting of the Gordon Boys’ Home, and made an urgent appeal for funds to enable the committee to extend the work of the institution. His Royal Highness said that a large proportion of the boys, on leaving the institution, passed into the Army, and it was of great importance to have young soldiers brought up on such good lines.

The Duchess of Albany, who was accompanied by the young Duke of Albany, was present at the opening of the Royal Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on May 26.

Three election contests are now pending for seats but recently occupied by a Conservative, a Liberal Unionist, and a Gladstonian Liberal. The late Sir Robert Fowler’s seat in the City of London will, it may safely be assumed, remain with the Conservatives, and the Liberal Unionists will, doubtless, be equally secure with the seat of Lord Edward Cavendish in West Derbyshire, as Mr. Victor Cavendish, the eldest son of the late member, is in the field. At Paisley, however, where Mr. Dunn, the Liberal candidate, is opposed by Major M’Kerrell, the Government have no expectation of a victory.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the Parliamentary week was the discussion as to whether the House should give itself a holiday on Derby Day. On May 26 Lord Elcho moved the adjournment. The proposition was opposed by Sir W. Lawson, on the ground that it would prevent progress being made with the Welsh Veto Bill, and by Sir W. Harcourt, who urged that in the present state of public business it was inexpedient. Upon a division, the motion was carried by 137 to 109. The majority in favour of adjourning was one more than last year.

The period of strike disturbances has apparently returned, and London is now the scene of two great disputes in staple industries. About 5000 tailors in the West End have handed in their notices to the masters, their demands being (1) for better workshops, (2) for a uniform time-log, and (3) for the abolition of labour partnerships, under which articles are given out to two or more men, who are expected to complete it between them. The men are described as being united, and possessing the support of the East End workmen, including the Jews. Their demands are largely concentrated on the provision of better workshops.

The other labour trouble arises out of a widespread lock-out in the building trades of London, originating in a strike of the carpenters and joiners. Here the dispute ranges round the familiar lines of wages and hours. The men ask for tenpence an hour, a forty-seven hour week, specially favourable rates for overtime, and an arrangement for meals more suitable to the conditions of the trade. Here the struggle is between large employers and contractors on the one hand, and a highly organised and skilled body of workmen on the other, who are, practically, the pioneers of the eight-hours movement on voluntary lines.

The returns of the Registrar-General for the week ended May 23 state that 2235 deaths were registered in London during the week. Allowing for increase of population, the deaths were 644 above the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years.

The Royal Commission on Labour met on May 26, under the presidency of Lord Hartington, and it was agreed to divide the Commission into three parts. One will deal with the question of mining and the iron and steel industries; the second will devote itself to agriculture and the question of transport; while the third will inquire into miscellaneous matters affecting other trades.

Mr. Gladstone makes satisfactory progress towards recovery. The right hon. gentleman is at present at Hawarden.

Mr. Parnell was, at Belfast, presented with thirty addresses, representing various bodies, bearing his name, throughout Ulster on May 22. In the evening he addressed a meeting in the Ulster Hall, when he expressed the opinion that Lord Salisbury would give them as good a Home Rule measure as Mr. Gladstone was inclined to give them, and, further, such a measure as their Orange friends in Belfast could accept.

The remains of Lord Edward Cavendish were interred on May 22 in Edensor Churchyard, near Chatsworth. Notwithstanding continuous and heavy rain there was a large attendance of friends and tenants.

The Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of the Rev. James Duncan (Secretary of the National Society) to be Canon of Canterbury, in the room of the late Canon Cadman.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN AT DERBY.

BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

To pronounce the Queen's visit to Derby a superlative success is really to understate the case. Whether the critic regards the function by the elaborate preparations, the lavish expenditure, the profusion of public and private decorations, the perfect organisation, the spontaneous enthusiasm of the vast crowds, the Mayor's banquet, or the illuminations that turned night into day, his occupation is gone: the severe censor can only grumble at having nothing to find fault with. Whit Thursday was grey and gusty, and rain fell at intervals; but the rich scheme of colour on the line of route (a mile and a half in extent) made artificial sunshine, and there was not a sombre speck in the florid display from the Midland Station to the Market Square. The conventional Venetian masts were not too obtrusive, and artistic advantage was taken of festoons, floating pennons, floral canopies, and other gay devices that made the festive streets avenues of triumph. To this tasteful embellishment must be added the music of numerous bands, the singing of 10,000 children, the crash of church bells, military glitter, and the unanimous satisfaction of a multitude whose number baffled the estimates of statisticians familiar with the sight of great crowds. There was one shadow in the radiant glow, one muffled peal moaning amid the clangour of the joy-bells, one flag half-mast among the bravery of the bunting. The fact that Lord Edward Cavendish lay dead in the Cedar Chapel at Chatsworth, and that the Marquis of Hartington, who should have represented his venerable and venerated father, the Lord Lieutenant of the county, was at "the Palace of the Peak"—once more a palace of pain—was the *memento mori* amid the noisy fanfares and the loud shouts of *tandem triumphans*. Sir Thomas W. Evans, Bart., the president of the infirmary, was also unable to be present on this memorable occasion, for the prevailing epidemic had claimed the popular squire of Allestree as one of its victims.

Her Majesty did not arrive at Derby until 5.35 p.m., but at noon the shops were all closed, and shortly afterwards the vehicular traffic along the route of the royal procession was stopped. The crowds took up their position even before this time on stage and balcony, or massed themselves behind the barricades. It was approaching six when the patient expectancy of the waiting multitude was gratified. Down the spacious London Road came the procession, amid the banners and the bunting, with thousands of eyes upon it, thousands of throats vociferating greetings, thousands of handkerchiefs waving welcome, thousands of heads stretching out to meet it from houses and house-tops, from balconies and enclosures, from stages and stands, from shop windows and tree branches, pushing, panting, applauding, squeezing, eager, excited, and very pleased. Amid the crash of military bands, the chorus of children's vibrating voices, and the triumphant roar of the masses, came the mounted warriors, the scarlet-coated coachmen, the State chariots, and the Empress-Queen (accompanied by Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg), her thoughtful face proudly and affably reflecting the people's pleasure. What a prodigious endowment of loyalty the most womanly of Englishwomen—the imperial mother of a race of 327,000,000 of people—received! It was enough to last out the whole dynasty of some constitutional monarchies. The contributors competed with each other in their lavish offerings. The salutes, as of thunder, came from the railway population of Derby, the lead-miners and lime-burners of the Peak, the colliers of Chesterfield, the iron-workers of the Erewash Valley, and the farmers of the pastoral dales of Derwent, Dove, and Trent; from bluff Sir John Barleycorn of Burton; from sooty Vulcan of the Black Country, whose heart is as warm as his hearth; from the kilns of Staffordshire, the spindles of Lancashire, the lace-looms of Nottingham, the fens of Lincoln, and the fertile meads of Leicester; from staunch Sheffield and teeming Birmingham; from city and town, village and hamlet, came the prolonged "Hurrah!"

A squadron of the 6th Dragoons (Carabineers), with their brass helmets, blue coats, and bay horses, acted as the royal escort; the streets were lined with the Sherwood Foresters (Derbyshire Regiment), the 2nd Battalion of the Cheshire Regiment, the 4th Battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment, and local Volunteers and Yeomanry Cavalry. The military arrangements were under the control of Colonel H. H. Hooke, commanding the troops at Derby. The borough police were augmented by about 700 constables from other towns, and all were under the direction of Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Delacombe, Chief Constable of Derby, whose disciplined arrangements for the day were beyond praise, although the crowd was so good-humoured that no unruly conduct was to be observed. The Mayor, now Sir A. Seale Haslam, J.P., received an unmistakable ovation, as did the Lady Mayoress and family. Her Majesty appeared specially to admire the decorations. The Midland Railway Station does not naturally lend itself to pictorial adornment, but the utilitarian building had been converted into a fairy-like edifice. The Midland Hotel had undergone a similar transformation; and at the top of Midland Road was an arch of feudal architecture, the *raismblance* of frowning masonry and threatening portcullis being exceedingly effective. But the surpassing splendour of *mise en scène* was achieved at the junction of London Road and Osmaston Road, where an elaborate arch, symbolic of the art of the Derby porcelain manufacture, spanned the two streets, a fountain of fine proportions playing among greenery with pleasing dash. Passing down St. Peter's Street, the Queen looked with interest on the picturesque church that stands so incongruously in that commercial thoroughfare of modern buildings. The grey, time-honoured fane is of fourteenth-century date, and presents many points of architectural and archaeological attraction. Adjoining it is the venerable Grammar School, which was founded in 1160 by Walter Durant, Bishop of Lichfield. When her Majesty reached the gaily dressed Corn Market, an imposing view of All Saints' Church appeared. The building of the glorious tower was begun in 1509, and completed in 1528.

The Market-place presented a magnificent *coup d'œil*. In the centre of the spacious square a pyramidal construction afforded an orchestra for nearly 3000 children, who sang "Auld Lang Syne" and "God Save the Queen," to the strains of Dan Godfrey's band. In front of the Townhall the Queen received the address of the Corporation of Derby, with an accompanying casket of gold of superb design. The procession then proceeded along the Corn Market and St. James's Street, by the Strand to the Cheapside, and thence by the Wardwick and Victoria Street to the Infirmary. In the Cheapside is the old church of St. Werburgh, where Dr. Johnson was married; and the feature of the Wardwick is the Free Libraries, Museum, and Art Gallery. This palace of literature, science, and art is the most imposing of the public buildings

in the town. It was the gift of Derby's greatest benefactor, the late Mr. Michael Thomas Bass, M.P., who for many years was the beloved Parliamentary representative of the borough. The institution was opened by him in 1882.

The infirmary grounds were the next objective point, and here her Majesty arrived at 6.40 p.m. The crowd was very dense, and a marquee with seats for 1500 people was filled, as well as the surrounding platforms. The Lord Bishop of Southwell offered up two special prayers, concluding with the Lord's Prayer, in which the Queen and Princess Beatrice audibly joined. Then followed the ceremony of laying the foundation-stone of the infirmary, which her Majesty performed in no mere perfunctory manner. She accepted the trowel, and by her desire the new hospital is to be known as the Royal Derbyshire Infirmary. A number of presentations were made in the ante-room, and promptly the cavalcade was re-formed, and, amid ringing cheers and the blast of trumpets, the Queen drove to the Midland Station, where the Mayor became Sir A. Seale Haslam—a knighthood which is much appreciated by the inhabitants of Derby. Her Majesty left for Balmoral at a quarter past seven, the locomotive conveying the royal train being appropriately styled "The Beatrice." It is one of the finest types of an express passenger engine that have been erected at the Derby works. The Mayor gave a banquet to 250 gentlemen at the Midland Hotel the same evening, and a distinguished company paid him deserved honour. The streets were gorgeously illuminated, and at the Arboretum Messrs. Brock gave a firework fete and feast of lanterns. These beautiful grounds were given to the town by Mr. Joseph Strutt in 1840, and perhaps there is not a more picturesque public park in the provinces.

For numerous photographs of Derby we are indebted to Mr. W. W. Winter, of Midland Road, Derby, and for our Illustration of the trowel presented to her Majesty, to Messrs. Johnson and Son, of Victoria Street, Derby.

THE LATE BISHOP FRENCH.

The Right Rev. Thomas Valpy French, D.D., intelligence of whose death by sunstroke, at the British Residency, Muscat, on May 14, has just come to hand, had a distinguished career at Oxford. He retained to the last his passion for study, especially of languages, but his whole life was devoted to the cause of Missions in India and the East. As a missionary of the Church Missionary Society he was successively Principal of St. John's College, Agra; first missionary (together with the Rev. R. Bruce) at Dera Ismail Khan; and first Principal of St. John's Divinity School, Lahore; and though at intervals then home for his health, he had the care of churches at Cheltenham, Oxford, and elsewhere, yet his first love was always the strongest, and he returned to the mission field as soon as his health permitted. In 1877 he was consecrated first Bishop of Lahore, and held that see for just ten years, during which he showed himself a pattern bishop, labouring incessantly wherever he thought work required to be done, whether among the English congregations, the native Christians, or, when the opportunity presented itself, among heathen and Mahomedans; and the noble cathedral which Lahore now possesses it owes to his indomitable perseverance, his personal influence among all ranks and classes, and his own munificence.

In 1887 shattered health imposed upon Bishop French the necessity of resigning his onerous charge, but he could not settle down quietly at home, and in the beginning of 1888 he started on a missionary tour from Bushire and Baghdad to Mosul, Mardin, Diarbekir, Aleppo, and Antioch; and he also spent some time in Syria and Palestine, at Beyrouth and on the Lebanon. Having acquired a knowledge of colloquial Arabic during his stay in Syria, he resolved to turn it to account in a fresh direction, and on Nov. 3 last he left England for Tunis. Having spent a month there, and a week at the Mahomedan sacred city of Kharowian, he proceeded via Alexandria and Cairo to Suez, and thence by Turkish steamer, which called at all the principal ports in the Red Sea, to Aden. From there he travelled via Bombay and Karachi to Muscat, and established himself in a little house by the seaside at Muttra, a suburb of Muscat, and there devoted himself to preaching in the town and neighbourhood, to translations from the Greek into Arabic, and to the preparation of missionary treatises in the same language. From Suez he had had as a companion the Rev. A. C. Maitland, S.P.G. missionary at Delhi, but the latter was obliged to return to his post about the middle of March. From that date the brave bishop was alone, and seems to have met no Europeans excepting Colonel and Mrs. Mochler, to whose kindness he testified in his letters, and in whose house he breathed his last.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS COLLIER, R.I.

Mr. Thomas Collier, R.I., whose death, at Hampstead, occurred on May 14, was born in Derbyshire, on the borders

of the Peak country, in 1840, and was educated at the Manchester School of Art, then under the direction of Mr. Murthley. Here he quickly developed his powers as a landscape-painter, moulding his style especially upon that of David Cox, of whom he may be called the direct follower. He was for many years a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and a regular exhibitor, his pictures showing him to be a strong colourist, as well as a skilful draughts-

man. The French critics and public early dis- covered Mr. Collier's powers; and in 1878, at the International Exposition at Paris, he was nominated a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, notwithstanding the fact that he had failed to comply literally with the conditions imposed upon exhibitors.



THE LATE RIGHT REV. T. VALPY FRENCH.



THE LATE MR. T. COLLIER, R.I.

THE NEW ARCHEBISHOP.

Lord Salisbury's appointment of Dr. Maclagan, Bishop of Lichfield, to the archbishopric of York, in succession to Dr. Magee, has been received with abundant cordiality by all sections of the Press and public. Dr. Maclagan was born in Edinburgh, in 1826, and was educated at the High School there. After a short experience in the Army, he went to Peterhouse, Cambridge, and was ordained in 1856. His clerical experience was gained principally in London, he having held curacies in Paddington and Marylebone. Lord Hatherley gave him the living of St. Mary's, Newington, whence six years later he went to St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. On the death of Bishop Selwyn, in 1878, Lord Beaconsfield appointed Dr. Maclagan to the see of Lichfield. Joint author with Dr. Weir of a volume of essays on "The Church and the Age," he has also published a few addresses and sermons. The new Archibishop has not, however, distinguished himself as a scholar, as a preacher, or as an original thinker; but that he is a man with the indefinable quality of distinction no one who has come in contact with him is likely to deny. Born a Presbyterian, the Archibishop knows more of thought and life outside the bounds of the Church than most men in similar positions. It may be doubted whether even his distinguished predecessor surpassed him in this. But his own opinions are firmly held, and inflexibly, though quietly, carried out. The Evangelicals will find him further from them in matters presently controverted than the Archibishop of Canterbury. Yet, in spite of his pronounced High Church feelings, Dr. Maclagan, when in Newington, near Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, was on cordial terms with the great Baptist, and, seeing that most of his near relatives are stout Presbyterians, his relations with Dissent are naturally friendly. In the interests of the Church it may be doubted whether a more thoroughly satisfactory appointment could possibly have been made.

THE MANIPUR EXPEDITION.

It appears by the last intelligence from India that the three principal offenders in the recent massacre are now in the hands of the British authorities. The Senaputty, disguised as a Naga coolie, was captured near Manipur. The trial of the Tongal General was to commence on May 19, if the prisoner was well enough. The Regent's trial was to begin a few days later. The man who speared Mr. Grimwood, and who was recently captured, was condemned to death, and hanged on May 25. He maintained an attitude of complete indifference to the last. The State executioner, on being examined by the political officer, said he beheaded all the prisoners except Mr. Grimwood, who had been previously killed. He received his orders from the Senaputty and the Tongal General. The execution took place about two o'clock on the morning of the 25th. The prisoners were placed standing, with chains on their legs and their hands tied behind their backs. Their heads were cut off with a dha, or Burmese knife. The Tongal General has been generally friendly to the British, and went up with Sir J. Johnstone to the relief of Kohima in 1879. Our first Political Resident in Manipur was a major, and this title the Manipuris thought represented our highest military rank. So the two heads of the army, Tongal and Bolaram, called themselves majors. Bolaram is dead, but Tongal, having found out his mistake, promoted himself to the rank of general. In the Naga Hills his dress was a curious mixture of native costume and scraps of British uniform given him by the Resident. Our Portrait of him is from a sketch by Lieutenant Woodthorpe, taken during the Naga Survey Expedition. The portraits of the Jubraj and the Senaputty are from a photograph taken in Durbar after the relief of Kohima by Colonel J. Johnstone.

THE FALL OF THE FLAG.

It is the moment before the great race. The last "order" has been whispered: the last instruction given. Away in the rings the bookmakers are balancing the impression of the canter in the "starting prices"; the paddock-walk has been forgotten as a stillness comes over the course, and even the play of "fools" finds no plaudits. A "false start": no! "They're off!" Hundreds of thousands echo the words—out on the heath, in the stands, in the rings. The cry drowns even the clamour of the "layers"; it is taken up and borne on; it is wired to many cities, to many towns, across the seas to distant continents, so that not thousands but millions know that the greatest of all races has begun—that another Derby will be added to the long roll ere three minutes has sped.

THE EXPULSION OF QUEEN NATALIE.

The story has been told many times over—that of the Queen of Servia and her husband, whom she is reported to have called "a pig." We have heard of King Milan's resignation, and of the accession of his son to the Servian throne; we have heard further, and we are constantly hearing, of the wrongs of the exiled Queen. How it will end, who shall say? The son is fourteen years old, the mother thirty-three, and the young King is rumoured to have remarked that, when old enough, he will "have Mamma back again." Be that as it may, the Queen, refusing to leave the country, has been forcibly compelled by the Government of Belgrade to do so. They first sent a civil force, and placed the Queen, in full daylight, in a carriage, which had to traverse the streets in order to reach the railway station. Her partisans, headed by armed students, beat off the gendarmes, turned the carriage, and conducted the rescued Queen back in triumph to the palace. At night, however, the Queen was seized, carried to the station, and conveyed to Austrian territory.

THE CHILIAN CRUISER ESMERALDA.

The escapades of the Esmeralda have been watched with considerable interest for some weeks past, and the latest information tells of her clamouring for coal in Mexican waters. The vessel is a twin-screw steel-protected cruiser of 3000 tons. She was built in 1884 by Sir William Armstrong and Co., of Newcastle-on-Tyne. Her dimensions are: length, 270 ft.; breadth, 42 ft.; draught, 18½ ft. She carries an exceptionally heavy armament for her size—namely, two 25-ton breechloading rifled guns, mounted on revolving carriages in the bow and stern, and six 6-inch 4-ton breechloading guns, mounted on sponsons on either broadside. In all cases the gunners are protected by steel shields.

For our Portraits of the new Archibishop of York, and the late Right Rev. Bishop French, we are indebted to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker Street; of Sir Patrick Colquhoun to Messrs. Maull and Fox, of Piccadilly, and of Miss Geraldine Ulmar to Mr. Barrand, of Oxford Street, W.

The Sketch in our last Number of Mr. Dendy Sadler's picture, entitled "Uninvited Guests," ought to have been acknowledged as being published by permission of Messrs. Frost and Reed, of Bristol and Clifton, the owners of the copyright. Messrs. Frost and Reed are about to publish an etching of the picture by Mr. W. Boucher.

THE MANIPUR EXPEDITION.

FROM SKETCHES BY AN OFFICER OF THE 44TH GOORKHAS.



THE MANIPUR FIELD FORCE: INSPECTION PARADE OF THE KOHIMA COLUMN.



THE FIRST BRUSH WITH MANIPURIS: FRONTIER POLICE UNDER CAPTAIN MACINTYRE ATTACKING THE MAO STOCKADE.



THE TONGAL GENERAL.

THE JUBRAJ.

THE SENAPUTTY.

THE MANIPUR EXPEDITION: THE THREE PRISONERS NOW IN THE HANDS OF THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Everything—except the fatal influenza—is in favour of the theatres; but, from all one can see, the season will be a very short one, and all important novelties are promptly postponed until the autumn, when probably the melancholy and depression that seem to affect society will have disappeared. A wet Whitsuntide, wretched, cheerless weather, a suspension of all outdoor amusements—the very thought of them makes one shudder and huddle for comfort over our roaring May fires!—all these things ought, as a rule, to bring in a golden harvest to the managers. But hitherto they have done nothing of the kind. People who have lost their best and dearest friends, or who are in dread of losing them, those who pass the best hours of the day between one bedside and another, cannot take very kindly to any kind of amusement at night. London is as depressed as if it were smitten with the plague.

By an ingenious arrangement Mr. Henry Irving has managed to squeeze Miss Ellen Terry into the Lyceum bill. This popular theatre is never quite itself without her. The sunshine seems gone, somehow, when the favourite is away; and so, as the time has come round for reviving the old "Corsican Brothers"—in which the female characters have the very minimum of interest—Miss Terry opens the ball, in her best manner, with an old play by Charles Reade, called "Nance Oldfield." It is only the old story of "David Garrick" reversed. A stage-struck youth has to be disillusioned instead of a crack-brained maiden, and an actress is employed to do it instead of an actor. You can all guess how admirable Miss Terry would be, with her voice now rippling with laughter, now half-choked with tears, as she makes believe to the passionate youth what very dreadful people actresses are, and breaks the spell of his passion for the idol of his dreams. Of course, the story is pure fiction. It happened no more to Mistress Oldfield than to David Garrick, but what does that matter? It makes a very good play, whether in one act or three. There was another pleasant surprise in the startling improvement shown by Mr. Gordon Craig, clever son of a more than clever mother. With her assistance he became inspired, and as yet has done nothing so well as the infatuated youth in this pretty play. The old "Corsican Brothers" seems to delight the present generation, and it has never been seen in such a splendid dress as at the Lyceum. When we were younger, we did not insist on such splendour. Why, I was told the other day that luxury has advanced to such lengths on the stage that in "Handfast," at the Shaftesbury, there are real Venetian wine-glasses that cost about fifteen shillings apiece. Well, may the manager look glum when one of these costly trifles gets accidentally broken. I have seen the "Corsican Brothers" each time it has been revived, as well as the original production at the old Princess's. In my humble opinion, Charles Kean was far better than Fechter: to me it was a far more interesting and impressive performance. But in most respects Henry Irving is far better than either of his predecessors. There has been a splendid list of Château Renauds. Both Alfred Wigan and Walter Lacy were splendid. For my own part, I preferred Lacy. Mr. Terriss returns to the character he plays so well, and there is almost as much excitement over the duel now as there was years ago, when it was known that Charles Kean and Alfred Wigan were two of the most expert swordsmen of their day, and the favourite pupils of the celebrated Angelo.

Another young actor of the last generation promises exceedingly well. I was delighted the other evening with the charming manner, the ease, and the polished style of young Gilbert Hare, who, by a coincidence, plays the son to his father in "A Quiet Rubber." Mr. John Hare's Lord Kilclare is far better than ever it was before. It is a little miniature, painted elaborately, but with finished and excellent art. And in a few minutes—hey, presto! this accomplished comedian becomes a different man altogether as dear old Benjamin Goldfinch in "A Pair of Spectacles." I am glad, for the sake of the country cousins and visitors and strangers who ought to be swarming up to London for the races and the exhibitions, that this delightful little comedy has been revived. They have a treat in store for them. There is not to be seen anywhere in London a more charming work of art, and I don't believe all-round better acting is to be found in all Europe than at the Garrick just now. We deserved a breath of fresh air as sweet as this after the sickly odour of dissecting-rooms and hospital wards that has been blown upon the stage. I wonder if our friends on the opposition benches consider "A Pair of Spectacles," with its characters of old Goldfinch and his brother from Sheffield, too conventional and commonplace for their consideration. There is certainly no advocacy of suicide here. The men are not bores and the women are not brutes. People positively seem to enjoy the play. They do not sit and stare at it with their eyes starting out of their heads with astonishment. They actually laugh and cry—poor common-place, conventional creatures!

A Saturday afternoon might be far worse spent—it could scarcely be spent better—than at one of Mr. Clifford Harrison's poetic recitals at the Steinway Hall. People who are fond of poetry, and like to hear it interpreted by a fresh, pure, and sympathetic mind, will have a treat. Several of the recitals are accompanied by Mr. Harrison on the piano. Herein is his great gift. Music is made to do as much for the keener illustration of poetic thought as it does for the dumb play in "The Prodigal Son" elsewhere. Mr. Clifford Harrison is not only an accomplished musician and a lover of poetry; he is a poet himself. If you doubt me, hasten to procure his charming little volume, "Hours of Leisure," and judge for yourself. Read "The Hour before the Dawn," but pause there, and go to the Steinway Hall to hear Mr. Harrison speak "The Bells of Is" and "Carcassonne" to music. After that you will take up the book again, as indeed you will your Byron, or Shelley, or Alfred Austin, or Adelaide Procter, with fresh pleasure and delight.

We tried the other day to obtain the official publication of a list of play-titles through the good offices of the Lord Chamberlain. But we were rudely stopped at the outset by the "dog in the manger" policy that exists in the theatrical world as everywhere else. Had there been such a book, the author of the new Adelphi drama, soon to go into rehearsal, would have known that "The Roll of the Drum" is the title of a very old and well-known Adelphi drama indeed. If you doubt me, look it up in your Duncombe, and there you will see that the play, by Egerton Wilks, was produced at the Adelphi about forty years ago.

The nineteenth series of Richter Concerts began at St. James's Hall on Monday, May 25, with a familiar programme, comprising Bach's concerto in G, for strings; Beethoven's A major symphony, No. 7; and Wagner's overture to "Die Meistersinger," prelude to "Parsifal," and "Walkürenritt." Dr. Richter, who was cordially welcomed, secured a magnificent rendering of these works, his orchestra being, perhaps, of finer quality than ever before, while its playing was characterised by the customary intelligence, precision, and unity of idea. The hall was full.

OBITUARY.

LORD ROMILLY.

The Right Hon. William Romilly, Baron Romilly of Barry, Glamorganshire, D.L., whose sad death occurred at his town residence, 33, Egerton Gardens, on May 23, was son of the Right Rev. Sir John Romilly, an eminent lawyer, late Master of the Rolls (who was created Baron Romilly in 1866), by Caroline

his wife, daughter of the Right Rev. William Otter, Bishop of Chichester. He was born April 12, 1835, and married, first, Feb. 9, 1865, Emily Idonea Sophia, daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir John Gaspard Le Marchant, K.C.B., by whom (who died March 17, 1866) he had an only son, John Gaspard Le Marchant, Lieutenant Coldstream Guards, now third Baron Romilly. His Lordship married, secondly, Nov. 6, 1872, Helen (who died March 21, 1889) daughter of Mr. Edward Hanson Denison. Lord Romilly was Clerk of Enrolments in Chancery.



SIR GEORGE T. GLYN, BART.

Sir George Turberville Glyn, fifth baronet, of Ewell, Surrey, died on May 19, of pneumonia, aged fifty. He was the eldest son of the Rev. Sir George Lewen Glyn, fourth baronet, Hon. Chaplain to the Queen, and succeeded to the title at his father's death, in 1885. The Glynns of Ewell are an old Welsh family, and the parent-stem from which descend the great bankers of London. Sir George was not married. His half-brother and heir, now Sir Gervas Powell Glyn, sixth baronet, was born Oct. 3, 1862.



SIR VINCENT CORBET, BART.

Sir Vincent Rowland Corbet, Bart., of Moreton, in the county of Salop, died at his residence, Acton Reynald Hall, near Shrewsbury, on May 22. He was born Aug. 11, 1821, and succeeded his father, Sir Andrew Corbet, as third baronet in September 1855. Sir Vincent was formerly lieutenant Royal Horse Guards, and captain N. Salop Yeomanry, was a Vice-Lieutenant and a J.P. for Salop, and High Sheriff for that county in 1862. He married May 9, 1854, Caroline Agnes, third daughter of Vice-Admiral the Hon. Charles O. Bridgeman, and is succeeded by his eldest son, Walter Orlando, late captain Coldstream Guards. The late baronet represented one of the few families still existing who trace in the male line an undoubted descent from an ancient race of the same name in Normandy.



SIR ROBERT FOWLER, BART.

Sir Robert Nicholas Fowler, Bart., M.P., D.L., and F.R.G.S., of Gastard House, Wilts, and Bruce Grove, Middlesex, died suddenly, at his town residence, 137, Harley Street, on May 22. He was born Sept. 12, 1828, the only son of Mr. Thomas Fowler of Tottenham, by Lucy, his wife, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Waterhouse of Liverpool, and was a Fellow and M.A. of University College, London. Sir Robert was Alderman of Cornhill Ward since 1878. Sheriff for London and Middlesex 1880, and Lord Mayor of London 1883 to 1884, and April to November 1885. Having unsuccessfully contested London City 1865, and Penryn and Falmouth 1866 and 1874, he sat as M.P. for Penryn and Falmouth from 1868 to 1874, and represented the City of London in the Conservative interest from 1880. In August 1885 he was created a baronet. He married, in 1852, Sarah Charlotte, daughter of Mr. Alfred Fox of Falmouth, and is succeeded by his eldest son, Thomas, who was born in 1868.

MR. ROCHFORT OF CLOGRENANE.

Mr. Horace William Noel Rochfort of Clogrenane, in the county of Carlow, J.P. and D.L., died on May 16, aged eighty-one. This popular country gentleman was only son of the late Colonel John Staunton Rochfort of Clogrenane, by Harriette, his first wife, third daughter of Sir Horace Mann, Bart., and represented the Clogrenane branch of the important Westmeath family of Rochfort, in which vested the Earldom of Belvedere, now extinct. Mr. Rochfort served as High Sheriff for the county of Carlow in 1839, and for the Queen's County in 1845. He married first, in 1837, Frances Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. T. P. Cosby, of Stradbally, and secondly, in 1845, the Hon. Charlotte Hood, daughter of the second Lord Bridport.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Rev. Canon James McConnel Hussey, D.D., Vicar of Christ Church, North Brixton, and Rural Dean, on May 19.

General Frederic Peter Layard, Bengal Staff Corps, on May 21, aged seventy-three.

Emily, Lady Wymer, widow of General Sir George Petre Wymer, K.C.B., on May 21, at 74, Seymour Street, Portman Square.

Colonel Frederick Robert Mein, C.B., late of the 1st Royal and 94th Regiments, on May 15, aged seventy-six. This gallant officer served in Canada during the rebellion of 1838-9, in the Crimea 1854-5, and in China in 1860.

The Hon. Samuel Knight Lysaght, fifth son of George, fourth Lord Lisle, by Elizabeth Anne, his second wife, daughter of Mr. John Davy Foulkes, on May 19, at Stoke Canon, Devon, aged seventy.

Admiral Wallace Houstoun, at his residence, 12, Eaton Square, on May 17, in his eightieth year. He was third son of General Sir Robert Houstoun, K.C.B., and brother of the late Colonel Alexander Houstoun, of Clerkington, in the county of Haddington.

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Raleigh Chichester of Runnymoat, in the county of Roscommon, on May 19, aged sixty-one. He was eldest son of the late Colonel Sir Charles Chichester, K.S., and grandson of Mr. Charles Chichester, of Calverleigh Court, Devon. He married, in 1852, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. James Balfe of Runnymede (now Runnymoat), in the county of Roscommon, by whom (who died in 1871) he leaves issue.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Ministerial crisis in Portugal was fortunately brought to an end on May 21, when General d'Abreu e Sousa, the former Premier, succeeded in forming a Cabinet. In the new Ministry General d'Abreu e Sousa is Premier and Minister of War, Count Valbom (formerly Portuguese Minister in Paris), Minister of Foreign Affairs; and Senhor Mariano Carvalho, Minister of Finance. The new Cabinet, composed of "Regeneradores" and Progressists, is chiefly a Ministry of conciliation, whose programme is to obtain the co-operation of men of all parties in order to restore confidence and tranquillity, to place the finances of the country on a sound basis, and, above all, to conclude the Convention with Great Britain. For this purpose, the Cortes having been summoned to meet immediately, the draft agreement signed in London on May 14 will be submitted to them on the 30th for approval and ratification, when it is confidently expected that no further difficulty will arise, notwithstanding the regrettable incident in Manicaland of May 11. On that day, a force of some 700 men, of whom about 250 were Portuguese, after having re-occupied Massi-Kesse, were marching on Umtassa, when they met with a party of men of the South Africa Company, and a collision followed. A fight began which lasted several hours, at the end of which the Portuguese were beaten back with a loss of seventeen killed and many wounded. This very serious occurrence, which might have prevented a settlement of the long outstanding African difference between this country and Portugal, was fortunately considered by the two Governments in the light of an untoward event which was to be treated independently of the negotiations, with which it will not be permitted to interfere; so that a definite solution of the Anglo-Portuguese difficulty will not be delayed by it. At the same time, the Portuguese may congratulate themselves on the coolness with which the news of the engagement of May 11 was received in England, as the incident might easily have been made much of, in which case the consequences would have been most unpleasant for Portugal.

While President Carnot was making a successful tour in the South of France, where he has been received with the greatest marks of sympathy and respect, several interesting events occurred in Paris. Two of these, being connected with the question of national defence, have given rise to very animated discussions in the Chamber and in the Press. The first was brought under the notice of the French Parliament by M. Gerville Réché, Deputy for Guadeloupe, who charged the Minister of Marine, M. Barbey, with having ordered guns from Messrs. Armstrong, and with supplying them with smokeless powder for making various experiments with the guns in question. Another heinous offence said to have been committed by M. Barbey was to have ordered guns from Messrs. Krupp. The Minister of Marine denied having ordered guns from Messrs. Krupp, but admitted the purchase of two guns similar to those in use in the British Navy, and manufactured by the Elswick Company. The object of this purchase was to compare the English guns with those of France, and to ascertain their respective advantages. As to having supplied any quantity of smokeless powder to Messrs. Armstrong, M. Barbey indignantly denied that there was any truth in M. Gerville-Réché's imputation, which he scornfully repelled. No sooner had this incident been closed, than another sensation was produced by the publication of a book by a M. Turpin, the object of which was to denounce the treason of Captain Triponé, who, according to M. Turpin, had sold to Messrs. Armstrong the secret of the manufacture of mélinité and other explosives as prepared in French Government arsenals, and had subsequently become the agent in France of the Elswick Company. The volume in question was hawked about on the boulevards, but in a short time all the unsold copies were seized by the police, and M. Triponé and M. Turpin were both arrested—the former because of the accusations brought against him by M. Turpin, and the latter because, in his book, he has rendered himself guilty of acts of espionage as defined by the French law on the subject. On May 25, in the Chamber of Deputies, M. de Freycinet gave explanations of this curious affair, from which it would appear that M. Turpin is an inventor, who tried to sell a patent of his for the manufacture of an explosive called picric acid to the French Government, but was unsuccessful, for the reason that the French War Office could get no guarantee that the secret would not be divulged to foreign States. In 1887 M. Turpin made overtures to Messrs. Armstrong, who made experiments with his explosives at Lydd, hence the name of lyddite given to them in this country. On the facts becoming known, through the French papers, the repentant M. Turpin went to the French War Office and tried to reopen negotiations, but to no purpose, and he then offered his patent to Italy. In 1889 he brought an accusation against Captain Triponé, whom he charged with having betrayed his country and endangered the national defence; but a Commission of Inquiry, specially appointed to investigate the charges brought against Captain Triponé, found that they could not be substantiated. All this had been forgotten, when the publication of M. Turpin's book produced an excitement which has not yet abated.

The other incident, which was one of great importance to the Parisians, was the strike of the drivers, conductors, and inspectors of the Omnibus Company. As this company enjoys a monopoly, the result of the action of the men has been that all means of cheap and popular communication were suddenly withdrawn from the inhabitants, who, it must be added, sided with the men against the company, whose shortcomings are many. The demands of the men were for higher wages, a twelve-hours day, and the suppression of arbitrary fines, imposed on the reports of secret inspectors. They also asked that the syndicate of employés should be recognised by the company, and that the officials of the syndicate who have been dismissed should be reinstated. After holding out for twenty-four hours, the company conceded the men's demands, and the traffic was resumed on May 27.

On Sunday, May 24, the Cesarewitch landed at Vladivostock, and, by command of the Czar, laid the first rail of the Trans-Siberian railway, which is to connect St. Petersburg with the easternmost part of the Russian Empire. The first branch of the line, the construction of which was thus formally begun in the presence of the heir to the Russian throne, is called the Oussouri section, and extends from Vladivostock to Graffsky, a distance of about four hundred miles. The whole expense of this gigantic undertaking will be borne by the imperial exchequer. It is no exaggeration to say that, with the construction of the great Trans-Siberian Railway, a new era will begin for Russia, for on the completion of this line will depend the development of the resources which Russia in Asia is said to possess, and the results, from an economic point of view, are expected to be of great magnitude. Equally important, from a strategical standpoint, will be the new line when it is finished—a fact of which the Chinese seem to be well aware, if it be true, as was recently stated, that they are contemplating the construction of a strategical railway to the north-east of Pekin.

PERSONAL.

The death of Sir Robert Fowler from influenza and its *sequela* has come to the House of Commons with a sense of even more immediate and personal loss than that of Lord Edward Cavendish. Sir Robert was one of the "characters" of the House. His portly person, draped in clothes suggesting a country gentleman of the middle of the century rather than a City banker of to-day, was as familiar as Mr. Gladstone's, and a certain freshness and simplicity of character gave him popularity and distinction. He was, in his way, a many-sided man, and there was a rather piquant contrast between the various aspects of his political and social creed. Lay preacher, supporter of Exeter Hall and its numerous causes, friend of the native, bulwark and stalwart and uncompromising defender of the City Corporation, high Tory, scholar, and party man—he touched political life from many aspects. He was not a good speaker, his voice being rough and uncultured and his delivery impeded by a stammer; yet he was always heard with interest. He was the soul of good-nature and kindness. In a word, he was morally what he was physically, an expansive man.

Yet—such are the ways of men—he will be chiefly remembered in the House of Commons by his cheer. It was a curious mode of expression, never to be forgotten once heard. It was spelt phonetically as "Yah, yah!" its other peculiarity being its persistence and resonant quality. Sir Robert would go on cheering when the rest of the House had stopped and were genially laughing at him. He thus made an excellent bugle-man for his party, though there were one or two questions, such as the rights of the aborigines, the opium traffic, and kindred subjects, on which he resolutely took a line of his own.

Archbishop Magee's memoirs are not likely to see the light for many a day, though his son is about to collect his speeches and sermons. One who knew him well says: "His letters are a store-house of acute and pungent comments upon men and measures in his day; but he always expressed himself with a freedom that would prevent their publication in full, at least during the present generation." It seems that when, in 1883, Dr. Magee thought himself near the end, he wished to die in charity with all men, and, being conscious that he had deeply offended some for whose character he had great respect, he dictated letters to them craving forgiveness if he had been guilty of any act or word inconsistent with charity, and was greatly comforted when he received the assurance of their good-will and forgetfulness of the past. Even Bishop Wilberforce's memoir would be surpassed in interest by Magee's, for, though "S. Oxon." was, on the whole, a much cleverer and more versatile personage than Dr. Magee, he did not write with the same care and thought. Magee would never have tried to write two letters at once—one with the right hand and the other with the left—as Wilberforce is credibly reported to have done.

The Lord Romilly who came to a most unhappy end through the burning of his house in Egerton Gardens is the son of a distinguished father, who, in his turn, owed his name and position to one of the great men of the earlier years of the century. The family of the Romillys was originally French and Huguenot, and the father of the famous Sir Samuel, who initiated the reform of our criminal code, was a London watchmaker. Sir Samuel himself was apprenticed to this trade, and worked in the shop; but an opportune legacy of £2000 released him from bondage, and enabled him to be apprenticed to a solicitor in Chancery Lane. His brilliant career as a lawyer, though not as a philanthropist, was, in large measure, repeated in the person of his second son, who became Baron Romilly and Master of the Rolls. The late lord, who met his death so miserably, has been a Clerk of Enrolments in Chancery; but otherwise he was unknown. His death was very tragic. He was found by the firemen lying on the floor of one of the rooms, all but suffocated, and he died on his way to the hospital. The accident was due to the overturning of a paraffin lamp. By a curious coincidence, a similar accident occurred two years ago, when Lord Romilly had the presence of mind to rush into the street and summon the aid of the firemen.

The death of Sir Patrick Colquhoun, who was reported dead some weeks ago, and wrote indignantly to the papers denying the rumour, removes a figure of considerable mark and no little social interest.

He was one of the first of living authorities on jurisprudence and the civil and commercial laws of all nations. He began his public life over fifty years ago, as Plenipotentiary for the Hanseatic Republics, of which his father, the Chevalier James M. Colquhoun, had been Chargé d'affaires, and later on he entered the service of the King of Saxony. His principal appointment, however, was that of Chief Justice of the Ionian Islands before their cession to Greece, a dignity which carried with it the honour of knighthood. He was a

voluminous author of learned books, his chief book being a summary of Roman civil law, and he had received decorations from half a dozen European States. There was a certain strain of quaintness in his character, which served to set off his brilliant public record. Sir Patrick was a famous oarsman in his day, and to the last took a keen and constant interest in his favourite sport. He was the founder of the "Colquhoun Sculls," and rarely missed the Henley meeting or the Varsity Boat-Race.

By the death of Canon Hussey, at Christ Church Vicarage, North Brixton, where he had lived and worked for more than six-and-thirty years, South London loses an honoured and well-known figure, and the Evangelical party a staunch and consistent supporter. The Rev. J. McConnel Hussey was the son of a Scotch merchant, and was born in Glasgow in 1819. He was educated at University College, Glasgow, and, pro-

ceeding to Exeter College, Oxford, took his B.A. degree in 1843. He was ordained in 1844, and his first curacy was at Atherton, in Warwickshire; he next became incumbent of St. James's, Kennington, and in 1855 was made vicar of Christ Church, a position he held till his death. He became Hon. Canon of Rochester in 1878, and has twice been Rural Dean of Kennington. The late Canon was a popular preacher, and a still more popular lecturer, in which capacity his somewhat colloquial style, his ready wit, and power of homely illustration, were of infinite service. He was an earnest social reformer, and was actively associated with many "movements" for the welfare of the working classes. A man of the widest sympathies, Canon Hussey's death is a matter of regret to many outside the immediate circle of his parishioners and friends.

The new manager of the Shaftesbury, Mr. Cuthbert Rathbone, is evidently of opinion that theatres should be—like clubs as imagined by people who do not belong to them—"temples of luxury and ease." Here that over-pampered person the modern playgoer will find all the comforts for which his soul thirsteth—electric lights, sufficient space between the stalls for the irrepressible cigarette-smoker to pass in and out without damage to his neighbours' corns, and free programmes ready to the hand. The furniture on the stage, too, is solid and, doubtless, costly. But the play selected for the new venture is, unfortunately, not so substantial as the chairs and tables. "Handfast," by Messrs. Henry Hamilton and Mark Quinton, is what is known as a drawing-room melodrama, and is duly provided with all the Persic apparatus of its class—a mysterious phial of poison, "exhibited," as the doctors say (in vain), to the hero by villains major and minor, and subsequently pocketed by the inevitable family solicitor; an incomprehensible will, two duels—one *manqué* and the other fatal to villain major—an impossible French count, a tediously comic widow, &c. The central motive of the piece, the reciprocal affection of a young couple who do not know that they are already man and wife, might pass muster in the poetic drama—in some Venice of Victor Hugo, or Messina of Shakespeare—but amid modern realistic surroundings its violation of probability is, as Mr. Andrew Lang would say, a little too precipitous. It is just possible that the general excellence of the acting—the unusually strong cast includes Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Annie Hughes, Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. Cyril Maude, Miss Carlotta Leclercq and Mr. W. L. Abingdon—may save a play greatly in need of salvation.

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THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

I have a serious grievance against Mr. Sexton. By forcing the House to reassemble several days earlier than was necessary, he curtailed my Whitsun holiday, and exposed me to a mythological delusion. "I can smell brimstone!" said the Serjeant, as he deposited me in my place. "Good gracious!" I exclaimed, with a sudden apprehension that the member for Tophet had taken his seat. "I mean sulphur!" explained the Serjeant. "Plunket has been fumigating the House, and we have come back in time for the vapours." It must have been a general sense of suffocation which enabled the Government to pass the Land Purchase Bill through the Committee stage. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's voice sounded as if he had smouldering matches in his throat, but his manner had less of its usual tendency to strike suddenly on the box. This, however, was not the real portent on the Treasury Bench. Mr. Smith was absent, and yet his amiable personality loomed large upon the assembly. I had really expected to see Mr. Goschen take the entire Administration in hand, and show his readiness to manipulate everything, from Manipur to the double florin. There is a fund of energy in the Chancellor of the Exchequer which is more spacious than the National Debt. If he were put to it, Mr. Goschen could manage every department of the State without turning a hair, as Mr. Lowther would say. It was a little disappointing, therefore, when Sir John Gorst and Baron de Worms deprived Mr. Goschen of his opportunity, though the House was glad to welcome them back from the jaws of the influenza, and quite boisterous in its greeting of Mr. Akers Douglas, who had been in the invalids' lobby. But there was still a considerable opening for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was for the time leader of the House, and he had to explain the course of public business. He could defy the Opposition, nail his colours to the mast, and perform most of the exercises dear to his energetic temperament. "Now there will be sport!" I said to the Serjeant; but he hummed a familiar tune with inaccurate words. "I can but sit and weep while Lubin is away," he sang, under his breath. And at that moment Mr. Goschen explained, with a strange meekness of tone, that, in the absence of his right honourable friend, he could not commit the Government to any pledge about the Newfoundland Bill. "While Lubin is away," warbled the Serjeant, in melodious commentary.

Yes, it is a remarkable fact that Mr. Smith, recruiting his health in the Cinque Ports or the Mediterranean, is more powerful in the House than Mr. Smith on the Treasury Bench. His smile is less potent than his shadow. "It's very odd," confessed Mr. Morton to the Serjeant, "but do you know that, now Smith isn't here, I haven't the courage to give notice that I shall ask him the names of the Cinque Ports, and how many of them there are." "While Lubin is away," sang the Serjeant, with a fine modulation. "Lubin! Who's he?" asked the vigilant member for Peterborough. "I'll go and see if he has paired." But there was something in the absence of Mr. Smith which stimulated Mr. Lowther to display a sudden interest in the national finance. When Mr. Goschen asked for a vote on account, owing to the desperate remoteness of Supply, Mr. Lowther rose with a solemnity which would have graced a meeting of the Jockey Club, and rebuked the Government for something very like profligacy. I thought that the stability of Tattersall's must in some way be endangered by Mr. Goschen's proposals, and that "settling day" would never be reached if Supply were so systematically postponed. But the meekness of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was proof even against this assault, nor could Sir William Harcourt rouse the combative spirit which lay under the shadow of the absent Mr. Smith. "If we had Supply earlier in the Session," argued Mr. Goschen, "we could not get on with our Bills; and when we get on with our Bills we have to put off Supply." Such is the beautiful machinery of our administrative system. It would be equally impressive if Mr. Goschen and Sir William Harcourt were to toss with double florins to decide whether the financial business should be taken in hand, when there is a reasonable prospect of its being properly discussed, or left to the fag-end of the Session, when everybody except Mr. Morton wants to go home.

But there is one member to whom these matters are the trivialities of Parliamentary existence. For him there is only one stimulus to the truly legislative mind. You may talk of your Land Bills and your votes on account. These have their day, and cease to be; but once in the Parliamentary year there comes the real opportunity for the statesman. Weeks ago I saw the dawn of this annual glory mantling on the cheek of Lord Elcho. He sat in his place rapt in the preparation of his speech on the motion for adjournment over the Derby Day. Other men lavish their humour on an infinity of insignificant topics. Lord Elcho wisely nurses his jests to the maturity of a great cause. In bygone years another Elcho was wont to talk of many things. He is now in the House of Lords watching the interests of liberty and property, while his son judiciously husbands his mind instead of spreading it over the paternal surface. Lord Elcho has achieved renown by a purpose and a paradox. His one ambition is to enable the House to repair to Epsom, though he has never been and has no desire to go. To me he is a monument of self-control. Think of the man who looks in the secrecy of his bosom for weeks—it may be months—the joke of inviting Sir Wilfrid Lawson to play the host at Epsom, and regale the whole House on the course with ginger-beer! Some pessimists deplore the degeneracy of English manhood. What is there in ancient story in the shape of fortitude to compare with this stoical repression? The Spartan boy who talked commonplaces while the fox devoured his vitals seems a small hero beside Lord Elcho, with all that ginger-beer bottled under his waistcoat.

It would have been a scandal if the House had not shown its appreciation of this endurance by voting the adjournment. Some people say it is foolish for a serious assembly to put aside its business for the sake of a horse-race; but they do not understand the genius of English institutions. "Where?" said I to the Serjeant-at-Arms, "where will you find a people whose law-makers are so blithely ready to forget the veto on the liquor traffic and the importunities of neglected Supply, in order that some



1. Passing under Arch at the Corner of London and Osmaston Roads.

2. Passing the Five Lamps at the Corner of the Corn Market.

3. The Queen Laying the Foundation-Stone of the New Infirmary.

4. The Casket.

5. The Trowel presented by the Architects.

6. The Queen Knighting the Mayor, Mr. A. Seale Haslam.

7. Lord Lathom Presenting the Architects to the Queen.



DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

The effect of his speech was to cause the whole of them to extend their arms towards us with the forefingers of both hands together.

MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

The gale broke on the morning of Thursday, the Second of November. The compacted heaven of cloud scattered in swelling cream-coloured masses; the sun shone out of the wide lakes of moist blue, and the sea turned from the cold and sickly grey of the stormy hours into a rich sapphire, with a high swell and a plentiful chasing of foaming billows. By four o'clock in the afternoon the ocean had smoothed down into a tropical expanse of quietly rising and falling waters, with the hot sun sliding westwards and the barque stemming the sea afresh under all cloths which could be piled upon her, the wind a small breeze, about west, and the sea-line a flawless girdle.

The evening that followed was one of quiet beauty. There was a young moon overhead, with power enough to drop a little trickling of silver into the dark sea under her; the clouds had vanished, and the stars shone brightly with a very abundant showering of meteoric lights above the trucks of the silent swaying masts.

As we paced the deck the captain joined us. Short of going to our respective cabins there was no means of getting rid of him; so we continued to patrol the planks, with him at Helga's side, talking, talking—oh, Heaven! how he talked! His manner was distressingly caressing. Helga kept hold of my arm, and meanwhile I, true to that posture I had maintained for the past three days, listened or sent my thoughts elsewhere, rarely speaking. In the course of his ceaseless chatter he struck upon the subject of his crew and their victuals, and told us he was sorry that we were not present when Nakier and two other coloured men came aft into the cuddy after he had taken sights and gone below.

"I am certain," he exclaimed, smiting his leg, "that I have made them reflective! I believe I could not mistake. Nakier in particular listened with attention, and looked at his mates with an expression as though conviction were being slowly borne in upon him."

I pricked up my ears at this, for here was a matter that had been causing me some anxious thought, and I broke away from my sullen, resentful behaviour to question him.

"What brought the men aft?"

"The same tiresome story," he answered, speaking loudly, and seemingly forgetful of or indifferent to the pair of yellow ears which, I might warrant him, were thirstily listening at the helm. "They ask for beef, for beef, for nothing but beef, and I say yes—beef one day, pork another; beef for your bodies and pork for your souls. I shall conquer them; and what a triumph it will be! Though I should make no further progress with them, yet I could never feel too grateful for a decisive victory over a gross imbecile superstition that, like a shutter, though it be one of many, helps to keep out the light."

He then went on to tell us what he had said, how he had reasoned, and I shall not soon forget the unctuous, self-satisfied chuckle which broke from the folds of his throat as he paused before asking Helga what she thought of that as an

example of pure logic. I listened, wondering that a man who could talk as he did should be crazy enough to attempt so perilous an experiment as the attempting to win his crew over to his own views of religion by as dangerous an insult as his fanatical mind could have lighted upon. It was the more incomprehensible to me in that the fellow had started upon his crude missionary scheme when there were but two whites in the ship to eleven believers in the Prophet.

I waited until his having to fetch breath enabled me to put in a word. I then briefly and quietly related what had passed in the forecastle as described to me by Jacob Minnikin.

"And what then, Mr. Tregarthen?" said he, and I seemed to catch a sneer threading, so to speak, his bland utterance: the moon gave but little light as I have said, and I could not see his face. "When a man starts on the work of converting, he must not be afraid."

"Your men have knives—they are devils, so I have heard, when aroused—you may not be afraid, but you have no right to provoke peril for us," I said.

"The coxswain of a life-boat should have a stout heart," he exclaimed. "Miss Nielsen, do not be alarmed by your courageous friend's apprehension. My duty is exceedingly simple. I must do what is right. Right is divinely protected," and I saw by the pose of his head that he cast his eyes up at the sky.

I nudged Helga as a hint not to speak, just breathlessly whispering, "He is not to be reasoned with."

It was a little before ten o'clock that night when the girl retired to her cabin. The captain, addressing her in a simpering, lover-like voice, had importuned her to change her cabin. She needed to grow fretful before her determined refusals silenced him. He entered his berth when she had gone, and I took my pipe to enjoy a quiet smoke on deck.

After the uproar of the past three days, the serenity of the night was exquisitely soothing. The moon shone in a curl of silver; the canvas soared in pallid visible spaces starwards; there was a pleasant rippling sound of gently stirred waters alongside, and the soft westerly night-wind fanned the cheek with the warmth of an infant's breath. The decks ran darkling forwards; the shadow of the courses flung a dye that was deeper than the gloom of the hour betwixt the rails, and nothing stirred save the low-lying stars which slipped up and down past the forecastle rail under the crescent of the foresail as the barque curstayed.

Nevertheless, though I could not see the men, I heard a delicate sound of voices proceeding from the block of darkness where the forecastle front lay. Mr. Jones had charge of the watch, and, on my stepping aft to the wheel, I found Jacob grasping the spokes, having relieved the helm at four bells—ten o'clock. He was not to be accosted while on that duty; and my dislike of the mate had not been lessened by the few words which had passed between us since the day when the Cape steamer had gone by, and by my observation of his fawning behaviour to the captain. I briefly exclaimed that it was a fine night, received some careless, drowsy answer from him, and, with pipe betwixt my lips, lounged lonely on the

lee side of the deck, often overhanging the rail, and viewing the sea-glow as it crept by, with my mind full of Helga, of my home, of our experiences so far, and of what might lie before us.

I was startled out of a fit of musing by the forecastle bell ringing five. The clear, keen chimes floated like an echo from the sea, and I caught a faint reverberation of them in the hollow canvas. It was half past ten. I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and, going on to the quarterdeck, dropped through the hatch.

The lantern swinging in the corridor betwixt the berths was burning. I lightly called to Helga to know if all was well with her, but she was silent, and, as I might suppose, asleep. I put out the light, as my custom now was, and, partially unclothing myself in the dark, got into my bunk and lay for a little watching the dance of a phantom star or two in the dim black round of the scuttle close against my head, sleepily wondering how long this sort of life was to continue, what time was to pass, and how much was to happen before I should be restored to the comfort of my own snug bed-room at home; and thus musing, too drowsy perhaps for melancholy, I fell asleep.

I was awakened by someone beating heavily upon the bulkhead of the next-door cabin.

"Mr. Tregarthen! Mr. Tregarthen!" roared a voice; then thump! thump! went the blows of a massive fist or handspike. "For Gawd a'mighty's sake wake up and turn out!—there's murder a-doing! Which is your cabin?"

I recognised the voice of Abraham, disguised as it was by horror and by the panting of his breath.

The exclamation, *There's murder a-doing!* collected my wits in a flash, and I was wide awake and conscious of the man's meaning ere he had fairly delivered himself of his cry.

"I am here—I will be with you!" I shouted, and, without pausing further to attire myself, dropped from my bunk and made with outstretched hands for the door, which I felt for and opened.

It was pitch dark in this passage betwixt the cabins, without even the dim gleam of the porthole in the berth offered to the eye to rest on.

"Where are you, Abraham?" I cried.

"Hére, Sir!" he exclaimed, almost in my ear, and, lifting my hand, I touched him.

"The crew's up!" he cried. "They've killed the mate, and by this time, I allow, the capt'n's done for."

"Where's Jacob?"

"Gawd He only knows, Sir!"

"Are you armed? Do you grip anything?"

"Nothen', nothen'. I run without stopping to arm myself. I'll tell ye about it—but it's awful to be a-talking in this here blackness with murder happening close by."

He still panted as from heavy recent exertion, and his voice faltered as though he were sinking from a wound.

"What is it?" cried the clear voice of Helga from her berth.

"Open your door!" I said, knowing that it was her practice

to shoot the bolt. "All is darkness here. Let us in—dress yourself by feeling for your clothes—the Malays have risen upon the captain and mate—it may be our turn next, and we must make a stand in your cabin. Hush!"

In the interval of her quitting her bunk to open the door, I strained my ears. Nothing was to be heard save near and distant straining noises rising out of the vessel as she heeled on the long westerly swell. But then we were deep down, with two decks for any noise made on the poop to penetrate.

"The door is open," said Helga.

I had one hand on Abraham's arm, and, feeling with the other, I guided him into Helga's berth, the position of which, as he had never before been in this part of the vessel, he could not have guessed. I then closed the door and bolted it.

"Dress yourself quickly, Helga!" said I, talking to her in the mine-like blindness of this interior that was untouched by the star or two that danced in her cabin window as in mine.

"Tell me what has happened!" she exclaimed.

"Speak, Abraham!" said I.

"Lor! but Oi don't seem able to talk without a light," he answered. "Ain't there no lantern here? If there's a lantern, I've got three or four loocifers in my pocket."

"Hist!" I cried. "I hear footsteps."

We held our breath: all was still. Some sound had fallen upon my ear. It resembled the slapping of planks with naked feet to my fancy, that had been terrified by Abraham's sudden horrible report, before there was time for my muscles and nerves to harden into full waking strength.

"What d' ye hear?" hoarsely whispered Abraham.

"It was imagination. Helga, can we light the lantern?"

She answered yes—she was ready.

"Strike a match, Abraham, that I may see where the lantern hangs!" said I.

He did so, holding the flame in his fist. I opened the door, whipped out, took down the lantern and darted in again, bolting the door anew with a thrill of fear following upon the haste I had made through imagination of one of those yellow-skins crouching outside with naked knife in hand. I swiftly lighted the lantern, and placed it in Helga's bunk. Abraham was of an ashen paleness, and I knew my own cheeks to be bloodless.

"Ought we to fear the crew?" cried Helga. "We have not wronged them. They will not want our lives."

"Dorn't trust 'em, dorn't trust 'em!" exclaimed Abraham. "Ain't there nothen' here to serve as weapons?" he added, rolling his eyes around the cabin.

"What is the story? Tell it now, man, tell it!" I cried, in a voice vehement with nerves.

He answered, speaking low, very hastily and hoarsely. "Oi'd gone below at eight bells: Oi found Nakier haranguing some of the men as was in the fok'sle; but he broke off when he see me. I smoked a pipe, and then turned in and sleep for an hour or so; then awoke and spied five or six of the chaps a-whispering together up in a corner of the fok'sle. They often looked moy way, but there worn't loight enough to let 'em know that my eyes was open, and I lay secretly a-watching 'em, smelling mischief. Then a couple of 'em went on deck, and the rest lay down. Nothen' happened for some time. Meanwhile Oi lay wide awake, listening and watching. 'Twas about seven bells, I reckon, when someone—Oi think it was Nakier—calls softly down through the hatch, and instantly all the fellows, who as I could ha' swore was sound asleep, dropped from their hammocks like one man, and the fok'sle was empty. I looked round to make sure that it were empty, then sneaks up and looks aft with my chin no higher than the coaming. I heered a loud shriek, and a cry of 'Oh, God! Oh, God! Help! Help!' and now, guessing what was happening, and believing that the tastin' of blood would drive them fellows mad, and that Oi should be the next if Jacob worn't already gone, him being at the wheel, as I might calculate by his not being forward, Oi took and run, and here Oi am."

He passed the back of his hand over his brow, following the action with a fling of his fingers from the wrist; and, indeed, it was now to be seen that his face streamed with sweat.

"Do you believe they have murdered the captain?" cried Helga.

"I don't doubt it—I can't doubt it. There seemed two gangs of 'em. Oi run for my life, and yet I see two gangs," answered Abraham.

"Horrible!" exclaimed the girl, looking at me with fixed eyes, yet she seemed more shocked than frightened.

"Did not I foresee this?" I exclaimed. "Where were your senses, man—you who lived amongst them, ate and drank with them? It would be bad enough if they were white men; but how stands our case, do you think, in a ship seized by savages who have been made to hate us for our creed and for the colour of our skins?"

"Hark!" cried Helga.

We strained our hearing, but nothing was audible to me saving my heart, that beat loud in my ears.

"I thought I heard the sound of a splash," she exclaimed.

"If they should ha' done for my mate, Jacob!" cried Abraham. "As the Lord's good, 'twill be too hard. Fust wan, then another, and now nowt but me left of our little company as left Deal but a day or two ago, as it seems when Oi looks back."

"Are we to perish here like poisoned rats in a hole?" said I. "If they clap the hatch-cover on, what's to become of us?"

"Who among them can navigate the ship?" asked Helga.

"Ne'er a one," replied Abraham; "that I can tell 'ee from recollecting of the questions Nakier's astd me from toime to toime."

"But if the body of them should come below," cried I, "and force that door—as easily done as blowing out that light there—are we to be butchered with empty hands, looking at them without a lift of our arms, unless it be to implore mercy? Here are two of us—Englishmen! Are we to be struck down as if we were women?"

"There are three of us!" said Helga.

"What are our weapons?" I exclaimed, wildly sweeping the little hole of a cabin with my eyes. "They have their knives!"

"Give me the handling of 'em one arter the other," said Abraham, fetching a deep breath and then spitting on his hands, "and I'll take the whole 'leven whilst ye both sit down and look on. But all of them at wanst—all drunk with rage and snapping round a man as if he was a sheep and they wolves"—he breathed deeply again, slowly shaking his head.

"The planks in that bunk are loose," said I, "but what can we do with boards?"

"Hugh, I will go on deck!" suddenly exclaimed Helga.

"You?" cried I. "No, indeed! You will remain here. There must be two of us for them to deal with before the third can be come at!"

"I will go on deck!" she repeated. "I have less cause to fear them than you. They know that I am acquainted with navigation—they have always looked at me with kindness in their faces. Let me go and talk to them!"

She made a step to the door—I gripped her arm, and brought her to my side and held her.

"What is to be done is for us two men to do!" said I. "We must think, and we must wait."

"Hugh, let me go!" she cried. "I am certain they will listen to me, and I shall be able to make terms. Unless there be a navigator among them, what can they do with the ship in this great ocean?" She struggled, crying again: "Let me go to them, Hugh!"

"Dorn't you do nothen' of the sort, Sir!" exclaimed Abraham. "What d' happen? They'd turn to and lock her up until they'd made an end of you and me, and then she'd be left alone aboard this vessel—alone, I mean, with eleven yaller savages. Gord preserve us! If you let go of her, Sir, Oi shall have to stop the road."

There was something of deliberateness in his speech: his English spirit was coming back with the weakening of the horror that had filled him when he first came rushing below.

Someone knocked lightly on the door. At the same instant my eye was taken by the glance of lamp or candle flame in the opening in the bulkhead overlooking the narrow passage.

"Hush!" cried I.

The knock was repeated. It was a very soft tapping, as though made by a timid knuckle.

"Who is there?" I shouted, gathering myself together with a resolution to leap upon the first dark throat that showed; for I believed this soft knocking—this soundless approach—a Malay ruse, and my veins tingled with the madness that enters the blood of a man in the supreme moment whose expiry means life or death to him.

"It is me, Master! Open, Master! It is allee right!"

"That's Nakier!" exclaimed Abraham.

"Who is it?" I cried.

"Me, Sah—Nakier. It is allee right, I say. Do not fear. Our work is done. We wish to speakee with you, and be friend."

"How many of you are there outside?" I called.

"No man but Nakier," he answered.

"How are we to know that?" bawled Abraham. "The most of you have naked feet. A whole army of ye might sneak aft, and no one guess it."

"I swear Nakier is alone. Lady, you shall trust Nakier. Our work is done; it is allee right, I say. See, you tink I am not alone; you are afraid of my knife; go a leetle way back—I trow my knife to you."

We recoiled to the bulkhead, and Abraham roared "Heave!" The knife fell upon the deck close to my feet. I pounced upon it as a cat upon a mouse, but dropped it with a cry. "Oh, God, it is bloody!"

"Give it me!" exclaimed Abraham, in a hoarse shout; "it'll be bloodier yet, now I've got it, if that there Nakier's a-playing false."

Grasping it in his right hand, he slipped back the bolt, and opened the door. The sensations of a lifetime of wild experiences might have been concentrated in that one instant. I had heard and read so much about the treachery of the Malay that when Abraham flung open the little cabin door I was prepared for a rush of dusky shapes, and to find myself grappling—but not for life, since death I knew to be certain, armed as every creature of them was with the deadly blade of the sailor's sheath knife. Instead—erect in the corridor, immediately abreast of our cabin, holding a bull's-eye lamp in his hand, stood Nakier, who on seeing us put the light on the deck, and saluted us by bringing both hands to his brow. Abraham put his head out.

"There ain't nobody here but Nakier!" he cried.

"What have you done?" I exclaimed, looking at the man, who in the combined light showed plainly, and whose handsome features had the modest look, the prepossessing air I had found when my gaze first rested on him in this ship.

"The captain is kill—Pallunappachelle, he kill him. The mate is kill—with this han'." He held up his arm.

"Where's moy mate?" thundered Abraham.

"No man touch him. Jacob, he allee right. Two only." He held up two fingers. "The captain and Misser Jones. They treat us like dog, and we bite like dog!" he added, showing his teeth, but with nothing whatever of fierceness or wildness in his grin.

"What do you want?" I repeated.

"We wantchee you come speak with us. We allee swear on de Koran not to hurt you but to serve you, and you serve we."

I stood staring, not knowing how to act.

"He is to be trusted," said Helga.

"But the others?" I said.

"They can do nothing without us."

"Without one of us. But the others!"

"We may trust them," she repeated with an accent of conviction.

Nakier's eyes, gleaming in the lantern-light, were bent upon us as we whispered. He perceived my irresolution, and, once again putting down the bull's-eye lamp on the deck, he clasped and extended his hands in a posture of impassioned entreaty.

"We allee swear we no hurt you!" he cried in a voice of soft entreaty that was absolutely sweet with the melody of its tones; "dat beautiful young lady—oh! I would kill here," he cried, gesticulating as though he would stab his heart, "before dat good, kind, clever lady be harm. Oh! you may trust us! We hab done our work. Mr. Wise, he be capt'n; you be gentleman—passengaire; you live upstairs and be very much comfortable. De beautiful young lady, she conduct dis ship to Afric. Oh! no, no, no! you are allee safe. My men shall trow down dere knives upon de table when you come, and we swear on de Koran to be your friend, and you be friend to we."

"Let's go along with him, Mr. Tregarthen," said Abraham. "Nakier, I shall stick to this here knife. Where's moy mate Jacob? If 'ere a man of ye's hurted him!"

"It is no time to threaten," I whispered angrily, shoving past him. "Come, Helga! Nakier, pick up that bull's-eye and lead the way, and, Abraham, follow with that lantern, will you?"

In silence we gained the hatch. It lay open. Nakier sprang through it, and, one after the other, we ascended. The wind had fallen scantier since I was on deck last, and though the loftier canvas was asleep, silent as carved marble, and spreading in spectral wamness under the bright stars, there was no weight in the wind to hold steady the heavy folds of the fore and main courses, which swung in and out with the dull sound of distant artillery as the barque leaned from side to side. The cuddy lamp was brightly burning, and the first glance I sent through the open door showed me the whole of the crew, as I for the instant supposed—though I afterwards found that one of them was at the wheel—standing at the table, ranged on either hand of it, all as motionless as a company of soldiers drawn up on parade. Every dark face was turned our way, and never was shipboard picture more startling and impressive than this one of stirless figures, dusky fiery eyes, knitted brows, most of the countenances hideous, but all various in their ugliness. Their caps and queer headgear lay in a heap upon the table. Nakier entered and paused, with a look to us to follow. Helga was fearlessly pressing forwards. I caught her by the hand and cried to Nakier—

"Those men are all armed."

He rounded upon them, and uttered some swift feverish sentence in his native tongue. In a moment every man

whipped out his knife from the sheath in which it lay buried at the hip, and placed it upon the table. Nakier again spoke, pronouncing the words with a passionate gesture, on which Punmeamootti gathered the knives into one of the caps and handed them to Nakier, who brought the cap to Helga and placed it at her feet. On his doing this Abraham threw the blood-stained knife he held into the cap.

It was at that moment we were startled by a cry of "Below, there!"

"Whoy, it's Jacob!" roared Abraham, and stepping backwards and looking straight up, he shouted, "Jacob, ahoy! Where are ye, mate?"

"Up in the maintop pretty nigh dead," came down the leather-lunged response from the silence up above.

"Thank Gawd, you're alive!" cried Abraham. "It's all roight now—it's all roight now."

"Who's a-going to make me believe it?" cried Jacob.

I stared up, and fancied I could just perceive the black knob of his head projected over the rim of the top.

"You can come down, Jacob," I cried. "All danger, I hope, is over."

"Danger over?" he bawled. "Whoy, they've killed the mate and chucked him overboard, and if I hadn't taken to my heels and jumped aloft they'd have killed me."

"No, no—not true; not true, Sah!" shrieked Nakier.

"Come down, Jacob! It is allee right!"

"Where's the captain?" cried Jacob.

"Him overboard!" answered Nakier. "It is allee right, I say!"

A shudder ran through me as I glanced at the cabin which the captain had occupied. I cannot express how the horror of this sudden, shocking, bloody tragedy was heightened by Nakier's cool and easy acceptance of the deed, as though the two men whom he and his had slain were less to his sympathies than had they been a couple of fowls whose necks had been wrung.

"Pray come down, Jacob!" said Helga, sending her voice clear as a bell into the silent, towering heights. "You, as well as Abraham, are to be known as an Englishman."

This little scornful stroke, which was extremely happy in that it was unintelligible to Nakier and the others, had the desired effect.

"Why, if it is all right, then I suppose it be all right," I heard Jacob say, and a few moments after his figure, with 'longshore clumsiness, came slowly down the rigging.

As he sprang from the bulwark rail on to the deck he whipped off his cap and dashed it down on to the planks, and with the utmost agitation of voice and manner, danced around his cap as he vociferated while he flourished his fist at Abraham—

"Now, what did Oi say? All along I've been a-telling ye that there pork job was a-going to get our throats cut. Whoy didn't ye stop it? Whoy didn't ye tell the capt'n what you seed and knowed? Fright! Whoy, I might ha' died in that there top and rolled overboards, and what yarn was ye going to give my missis as to my hending, if so be as ever ye got ashore at Deal agin?"

He continued to shout after this fashion, meanwhile tumbling and reeling about his cap as though it were a mark for him upon the theatre of this deck on which to act his part. But though it appeared a very ecstasy of rage in him, the outbreak seemed wholly due to revulsion of feeling. Nakier stood motionlessly eyeing him; the others also remained at table, all preserving their sentinel postures. At last the fellow made an end, put his cap on, and was silent, breathing hard.

"Will you come in, Sah? Will you enter, lady? Misser Wise, it is allee right. Come along, Jacob, my mate!"

Thus saying, Nakier re-entered the cuddy, and the four of us followed him. There was a dark stain on the bare plank close against the coaming or ledge of the door of the captain's cabin. It was the short, wild, startled sideways spring which Abraham gave that caused me to look at it. The very soul within me seemed to shrink at the sight. Nakier exclaimed—

"It is easy to scrape out," motioning as though he scraped with his little delicately shaped hand. He then addressed one of the fellows at the table, who nodded, sweeping the air with his arm as he did so.

It now occurred to me with the marvellous swiftness of thought that the cap containing the men's knives still lay upon the deck where Nakier had lodged it at Helga's feet, and the instant motion of my mind was to return to the quarter-deck, pick the cap

MADAME BLAVATSKY.

FROM A THEOSOPHIST'S STANDPOINT.

For some weeks past, descriptions of Madame H. P. Blavatsky, the founder of the Theosophical Society, have appeared in every journal of the United Kingdom. Most of these have consisted of a mere outline of her stormy life; some have been laudatory, others malignant and abusive. All say that she was an exceptional personality, and both friends and enemies agree that she exercised over all who approached her a strongly attractive or repulsive power. None who saw her remained indifferent to her: she was warmly loved or bitterly hated. Such a one is interesting, even to her foes, and many may like to know how she was regarded by those who, in a special sense, may be regarded as her disciples.

Those who were at a distance, knowing her only by her books and other writings, and finding in them the light which they had elsewhere sought in vain, often built up for themselves an ideal figure of cold, stern intellect, divorced from the human type, but yet drawing them into magnetic sympathy by its imposing strength. Such as these would often testify in touching fashion the personal attachment with which she had inspired them, even through the medium of her books. But the tie between her and those who enjoyed the benefit of her personal instruction was of a warmer kind. It was apt to become one of passionate personal devotion—a feeling she always deprecated, as soiling the purity of the enthusiasm which should ever be directed not to a person, but to a cause. Over and over again, when one of her immediate circle was developing this type of adoration, she would casually shock him or her by some freak, some imperiousness, some savage phrase, some apparent whirlwind of wrath. Those who lived with her and saw her in all her infinite variety of phases, could observe how carefully and consistently she used her outer personality to serve her cause and deprecate herself. When once any of her pupils had pierced the shell, and had become indifferent to the outer changes, then the husk fell away and the real individual was seen—wise, calm, strong, and somewhat stern. Speaking of her own personality alone, she was impulsive, warm-hearted, frank to an unusual extent; she rarely opened her own letters, rarely wrote one that was not seen by two or three members of her circle. Her business affairs, such as they were, were common property. When she earned a little money, she threw it away with both hands to any who were in need. Here is a characteristic note enclosing thirty shillings—"My dearest friend—I have just read your letter to *** and my heart is sick for the poor little ones! Look here: I have but thirty shillings of my own money of which I can dispose (for, as you know, I am a pauper, and proud of it); but I want you to take them and *not say a word*! This may buy thirty dinners for thirty poor little starving wretches, and I may feel happier for thirty minutes at the thought." On the other hand, touching that occult knowledge which she and we believe to have been entrusted to her under rigid conditions of secrecy, to be given only to a few, she was silent as the grave. Where that was concerned, she never committed an indiscretion nor dropped the lightest hint.

To those who believed her mission to the West, and put themselves under her instruction, she proved the wisest of guides, the most patient of teachers, the most far-sighted of counsellors. She leaves a gap that can be filled at present by none whom we can reach. But we should have profited ill by her instruction and her example if we bated one jot of our certainty that Theosophy has in its hands the future of the world, and that the date of its triumph depends on the devotion and common-sense of its followers. It alone puts on an intellectual basis the brotherhood of man, together with a reason for striving to realise it, and an inspiration to impel to action. Among the many services done by H. P. Blavatsky to her race it is not the least that she has left behind her a great company of workers for man, whose spirit is of love and not of hatred, whose effort is to purify, not to wreck.

X.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

It is all very well to smile, and speak of the establishment in Covent Garden as the Royal Franco-Italian Opera, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Augustus Harris is pursuing a policy agreeable to his subscribers in having so many operas performed in the French language. The general public may not care much one way or the other, but habitués have expressed themselves decidedly in favour of French operas being given in French. The majority of the artists are accustomed to sing in that tongue, and it is obvious that the works themselves gain by being rendered absolutely in their original form. "Manon" is the latest addition to the French repertory at this house, and its production on Tuesday, May 19, has already been briefly recorded in our columns. M. Massenet's opera is only heard to real advantage in a theatre of medium size. Drury Lane was too big for it, and in the still bigger space of Covent Garden many of the delicate effects are necessarily lost altogether. On the other hand, music and story alike come out better as rendered in the French than when "Manon" was given in English by the Carl Rosa company, while the *mise en scène* is probably the most sumptuous that the opera has ever been vouchsafed.

The part of the Chevalier des Grieux has introduced in M. Van Dyck one of the best tenors heard here for many years. He is by birth a Belgian, and he possesses a voice of robust yet sympathetic quality, extensive range, and remarkable power. His style embodies the best characteristics of the French and German schools; he can phrase with elegance and purity, and, in addition to a lovely *mezzo voce*, he commands some high notes of bell-like resonance, which he emits apparently without any real physical effort. In his acting, as in his singing, M. Van Dyck is able to exercise at will the whole gamut of passion, and, to make everything perfect, he has a fine stage presence and a manner marked by the utmost distinction. That such an artist should have won an immediate success can give no cause for surprise. His impersonation of Manon's infatuated lover has already delighted more than one audience, and, indeed, it is one of those things that ought not to be missed. Miss Sybil Sanderson, the young American soprano who made her début in the part of the heroine of this opera, has scarcely fulfilled the high anticipations aroused by her Continental fame. She is a charming artist, and her engaging personal attractions, combined with much natural vivacity and sparkle of manner, enable her to present a very captivating embodiment of Manon Lescaut; but her voice is too small for the house, and its *timbre* is in a measure deteriorated by a marked *tremolo* as well as a tendency to force the notes of the head register. The other characters were creditably filled, M. Dufrèche being particularly good as Lescaut, and M. Juteau, a new *buffo* from

Brussels, excellent in the part of Guillot. Signor Mancinelli was the conductor.

When the time comes for reckoning up the achievements of the current season, I am of opinion that the most prominent will include the extraordinary cast put forward in "Les Huguenots" on Wednesday, May 20. The oldest operagoer, being a born *laudator temporis acti*, would, of course, assert that he had seen something to beat it. Well, possibly; but never, I should say, in this opera. Anyhow, no combination of equal strength has been known in "Les Huguenots" during the last five-and-thirty years, and that is going back quite far enough. To have "beaten the record" for even a quarter of a century would still be a big feather in the impresario's cap. The cast in question (giving the principal artists only) was as follows: Valentina, Madame Albani; Margherita di Valois, Madame Mraivina; Urbano, Mdlle. Giulia Ravagli; San Bris, M. Lassalle; Di Nevers, M. Maurel; Marcello, M. Edouard de Reszke; and Raoul, M. Jean de Reszke. Little wonder that these names drew the largest receipts of the season; still less that the performance all round was *hors ligne*. Signor Bevignani is not the conductor to waste good material, and he never worked in his life to better purpose. The four men were superb. They made no attempt to outvie each other, but simply seized their opportunities as they came along, and then shone, each in turn, in the light of truly great artists. There is only one moment in the "Huguenots" when the whole of the leading characters are seen on the stage at one time, and that is in the scene of the Conjunction, which forms the finale of the first act. It was, in this instance, a moment never to be forgotten—a scene to be for ever photographed upon the retina of the spectator. What a pity there was not a Brodignanian phonograph handy just then!

Of the ladies, it is difficult to say who carried off highest honours; for if Madame Albani and Mdlle. Ravagli repeated former triumphs with *éclat*, it was surely a remarkable feat for a stranger to make her first appearance in England amid such a group of stars and contrive to score a brilliant success. This was the *tour de force* accomplished by Madame Mraivina,



MADAME MRAVINA.

whose name had never been heard before, and who, as a matter of fact, had never previously sung anywhere but at St. Petersburg, where she made her *début* four years ago. The new *prima donna* is a native of Russia, and her admirable method proves her to have studied in the right school. Her voice is a light soprano of exquisite quality, faultlessly produced, and under complete control. Madame Mraivina sang the florid music of the Queen with an ease and skill that took her hearers by surprise. Her art was not of the dazzling sort, but it was so pure and refined, and the appearance and manner of the singer were so pleasing, that the house instantly took her into favour, rewarding her with some of the loudest applause of the night. This success removed the only element of doubt in the *ensemble*. The band and chorus were on their best behaviour, and, take it for all in all, the performance of Meyerbeer's masterpiece was the finest, as well as the most memorable, that has been witnessed for many years.

The words just written might be applied with equal truth to the representation of "Die Meistersinger," given three nights later, provided that the Bayreuth performances of 1889 were not counted. The latter, of course, were incomparable, and, if Covent Garden is ever to furnish something equally glorious, it will only be after Signor Mancinelli and his obstreperous orchestra have been lowered out of sight and subdued to the pitch of delicacy, now, alas! only attained within the walls of the Bavarian Festspielhaus. In all other respects the rendering of Wagner's humorous *chef-d'œuvre* left little to be desired. M. Jean de Reszke made, as heretofore, a magnificent Walther von Stolzing. The great tenor sang divinely, and alike in aspect and bearing was "a most true and gentle knight." M. Lassalle, the *bear ideal* of a Hans Sachs, declaimed his music with delightful charm and rare poetic feeling. M. Isnardon's Beckmesser was perfect, and M. Montarol's David and the Pogner of Signor Abramoff were not a whit less excellent than in previous seasons; but one prefers the Holbeinesque "get-up" of the Fritz Kothner (M. Dufrèche) to his somewhat vibratory declamation. Eva once more had a sympathetic and animated exponent in Madame Albani, who sings Wagner's music and embodies his heroine as though to the manner born. Mdlle. Bauermeister, perhaps the most useful member of Mr. Harris's company, sustained the part of Magdalena like the clever little artist that she is. The choruses went capitally, and in the last scene nearly 300 singers were employed, the stage presenting a gorgeous *coup d'œil*.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A correspondent asks me if I can inform him to whom a prescription, for which he has duly paid his physician in the shape of his fee, legally belongs? I presume my correspondent has been noticing the somewhat hot discussion which has taken place of late in the medical journals on this topic. If not, the inquiry is still a pertinent one, and one which affects the public very nearly to boot. Three persons are concerned in the matter—the patient, the physician, and the chemist who compounds the prescription. We may dismiss the chemist entirely from the argument. If he chooses to copy the prescription in his book, that is his own affair. I do not know that there is any law which compels him to copy it, but the practice has much to recommend it; since, in the event of dispute afterwards as to the proper dispensing of the medicine, the chemist has his copy of the prescription, to which he can refer. Clearly, the prescription is not the property of the chemist, any more than a picture I lend an artist to copy becomes the property of the artist.

There remains the physician. He is legally in the position (I speak after a consultation with an authority) of the seller of a commodity: that commodity is his advice, and the prescription is part and parcel of the advice for which the patient has paid him. An outrageous doctrine has been started (by a physician) that all his prescriptions remain his own property, and he adds that his patients are referred to one of half a dozen chemists, who retains the prescription, and returns it, I presume, to the doctor. This is trade-unionism with a vengeance. Moreover, it is legally unjustifiable, professionally absurd, and practically unworkable. Who is to compel a patient to go to one of the doctor's selected chemists? And I imagine the chemists of his city may have something both strong and uncomplimentary to say of this practice. Again, what if the patient resides in a city other than that in which the doctor resides? Is he to have his drugs sent by parcel post from a "selected" chemist; or to pay a fresh fee on each occasion when his medicine demands renewal? The whole system is so absurd as scarcely to bear argument. The prescription is the patient's property, and his alone. If patients do hand round prescriptions to their friends, that is reprehensible truly, but there is no law to prevent it. Doctors do not live in Utopia, any more than other professional men, and they must submit, as public servants, to many of the injustices which are part and parcel of our common lot. All the same, because some patients abuse their prescriptions in the sense named, that alters not the law and right of every man to retain as his what he has paid the doctor for giving him.

May I remark that I find it impossible to acknowledge personally all the letters I receive from unknown friends and correspondents, and that I trust no one among them will feel offended if their contributions are occasionally received with silence. I can assure them that I am greatly indebted for many valuable hints to the courtesy of my readers, and that whenever possible I endeavour to take advantage of the information I receive. This announcement will perhaps serve as a reply to more than one correspondent to whom I owe an apology for not acknowledging letters concerning the topics discussed in these pages.

From Cairo a writer sends me a most interesting letter, which renews once again the mirror-writing subject. I refer to this communication, because it opens up a suggestive field of thought. My correspondent is left-handed in the sense that he can bowl at cricket with his left, and can draw with both hands, "but best with the left." He can also write with both hands simultaneously, but what he writes must be the same with both hands. Regarding my explanation of mirror-writing (in which I referred the matter to a double image formed in the brain, one brain-side straight and the other side reversed), my correspondent suggests a theory which I need not follow here, because he will understand me when I say his explanation only doubles our difficulty. His valuable suggestion, however, concerns Arabic and Persian writing, which runs from right to left. He has tried to write Arabic *reversed*, and has accomplished the feat. That which concerns us here is my correspondent's reason for Arabic and Persian characters being naturally written in the reverse way to our own.

"We write," says my correspondent, "at tables; they (the Arabs, &c.) never use them, but prefer to hold the paper in the hand, folded rather slanting-wise, so as to get a certain stiffness. Writing from right to left, they write up to the point of support, on the left hand, and not away from it, without a table or support of some sort. It was these surroundings and general life in tents which forced them to this method of writing. On the other hand, we, with our tables, can write faster than they. I take it that when the main movements of a series are outwards, the whole is generally faster than when the main movements are inwards. One can write Arabic at a table faster than any Arabic clerk can, in his orthodox way, because of the extra support." This, I repeat, is an interesting and valuable suggestion regarding the origin of right-to-left characters. It leaves untouched, of course, the mirror or reversed writing of other nations.

The late Mr. J. L. Latey, editor of this Journal, suggested to me some time before his death that the republication, in volume form, of some of the articles contributed to these pages would prove attractive to many readers. I have adopted his suggestion, and Messrs. Chatto and Windus will shortly publish such a selection, under the title "Glimpses of Nature." The volume will be illustrated, and may serve as a collection of "old friends in a new dress," further to interest readers in that outward nature which concerns us all, and from whose study so much delight is to be obtained.

An interesting paper was lately read before the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Dr. Gibson and Mr. R. Irvine on manganese deposits in marine mud. Certain authorities have assumed that carbonate of manganese was gradually oxidised; while Mr. Buchanan holds that marine animals, in passing sand and mud through their bodies with sea-water, reduce the sulphates present in the water of their food to sulphides, which in turn cause sulphides of iron and manganese to be produced, and these latter, being oxidised, give us the manganese of the ocean-deposits. Dr. Gibson and Mr. Irvine combat this view, and rely for their support chiefly on the fact that, where sulphide of iron is formed from the sulphates, the excess of carbonic acid also formed prevents the formation of the sulphide of manganese. This opinion will set the chemists once again by the ears. We have not heard the last, evidently, of the mystery of these oceanic deposits.

OPENING OF THE CHARLESTOWN RAILWAY: PRESIDENT KRÜGER'S VISIT TO NATAL.



TRIUMPHAL ARCHES ON THE OCCASION OF PRESIDENT KRÜGER'S VISIT.

The recent visit of the President of the South African Republic to Natal marks, perhaps, a new step towards that "United South Africa" which was the premature dream of Sir Bartle Frere. The South African Republic—once the British colony of the Transvaal—is an independent State, under the merely nominal suzerainty of the Queen; but its inhabitants are probably much less out of sympathy with the British Empire than they were when Sir Owen Lanyon ruled at Pretoria under the British flag. We do not interfere with their internal administration, and President Krüger, as the head of a Republic, was received in Natal with royal honours. His visit to the Governor of that colony last April was connected with the opening of the railway, which the Natal Government has pluckily built right up to the border of the South African Republic. This inland State, dependent on its neighbours for communication with the sea, is keenly alive to the value of cheap railway communication, and is at present playing off the Cape Colony against Natal, and Capetown

against Durban, as routes for its large import and export trade.

The new line, which was opened with much pomp on April 7, continues to Charlestown, a new village within a mile of the colonial frontier, the railway from Pietermaritzburg and Durban. It runs through Laing's Nek, and close under the fatal Majuba Hill, where the Boers inflicted, in 1881, a terrible defeat on the troops of Sir Pomeroy Colley.

The visitors from the South African Republic—simple homely farmers in manner and appearance—included, besides President Krüger, several of its other leading officials and statesmen. There was Piet Joubert, the general who defeated us in 1881, now Commandant-General of the forces. With him was Chief Justice Kotze, who has gained the respect of all South Africa for impartiality, and knowledge of the strange Roman-Dutch law which forms the basis of South African judicature. A puisne, Mr. Justice Joissen, upheld his chief, and the "State Attorney," the Hon. A. E. Krause, was there also.

The Governor of Natal, whose figure occupies the centre of the illustration below, Sir Charles Bullen Hugh Mitchell, has had nearly twenty-three years' experience of colonial life, having begun as Colonial Secretary of British Honduras in July 1868, and been successively in British Guiana, Natal, Fiji, again returning to administer the government of Natal and Zululand in 1889. Natal is about to embark upon the risks of complete self-government, a law providing for "responsible government" being now under consideration, and there is considerable speculation as to the local politician whom Sir Charles Mitchell will call upon to form a Government, especially as the two towns of Pietermaritzburg (the capital) and Durban (the port) pull rather different ways. Both towns, however, were gaily decorated in honour of the visit, and our illustrations show some of the Dutch inscriptions of welcome. All sections in the colony are, indeed, full of friendliness towards the South African Republic, and the recent festivities will probably have done much to encourage this feeling.



General Joubert.

Sir Charles Mitchell, K.C.M.G., Governor of Natal.

President Krüger.



"UNDINE."

AFTER THE PAINTING BY CONRAD KIESEL.

LITERATURE.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.*

BY J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

If Dr. Japp had induced Mr. H. A. Page to allow the *Century* article to be incorporated with the "Memorials," a good deal of repetition would have been avoided, and the most interesting chapters of the book rendered more complete and coherent. Coherence of treatment, it must be confessed, is not the strong point of the "Memorials," which show, even more strikingly than Mr. Page's "Life of De Quincey," that, in addition to knowledge and sympathy, some gift of the constructive faculty is requisite for the transmutation of even the most interesting of raw material into anything deserving to be called a book. It is, however, to be hoped that enough matter is now available for the production of an intelligible biography of one of the most piquantly interesting of Englishmen of genius. At present, "no man can read



THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

his story," and, notwithstanding some incidental confirmations, it is probable that De Quincey's own contributions are in large measure "filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten deliriums." Indeed, it is hardly conceivable that it should be otherwise, for facts and fancies, seen through the ruby of the laudanum-decanter, lose their distinguishing hues.

De Quincey's mother is the most prominent figure in the "Memorials," mainly through her letters to her sons, and it is gratifying to find that the impression produced by reading these is much more agreeable than that to be gathered from her son's accounts. She would seem to have been not merely a woman of exceptional gifts and high character, but in many respects a devoted mother, who never shrank from any sacrifice (according to the lights vouchsafed to her) for the promotion of her children's welfare. But the old impression is not removed, that somehow—whether through defective maternal instinct, or by the adoption of some mistaken theory of her duty—she had failed to attract the affection and sympathy of her children in their earliest years. Whether, when, later on, she was struggling hopelessly but devotedly with the results of this failure, she ever realised that there had been any fault or defect on her own part, does not appear. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Baird Smith, is probably right in attributing her continued unsucces in winning the confidence and sympathy of her sons to the calling in of outside authority and advice in aid of her own diffidence. This view certainly seems to receive substantial confirmation in the family correspondence, which forms the bulk of the "Memorials."

But almost the only matter of permanent interest, either in book or magazine, is contained in the letters of Wordsworth (1803-4), and those of his wonderful sister. The former are unaccountably treated in such a way that they can only be read connectedly by holding the book in one hand and the magazine in the other, while even then the reader can feel no assurance that he has the whole; for, although Mr. Page professed to print in full, Dr. Japp gives passages which Mr. Page omits. Nor do the texts of the passages common to both always agree. Such editing, one feels compelled to say, is far from creditable, and creates a suspicion that it may not have been confined to these particular documents. Nothing could have been more kindly or judicious than the matter of these letters, while their style is brighter than that to which the poet accustomed his correspondents. It is not only to be regretted that they are not safely housed in Professor Knight's "Life of Wordsworth" (for they are practically buried in their present situation), but that the other side of the correspondence, which so engaged Wordsworth's sympathetic interest, is wanting. "I was highly gratified," Wordsworth writes, "in the thought of being so endeared to you by the mere [moral] effect of my writings." "Do not neglect" any duties "on any [my] account; but if consistent with these . . . you could find time to visit this country. . . . I should, I repeat, be very happy to see you." "Love nature and books; seek them [these], and you will be happy; for virtuous friendship, and love, and knowledge of mankind must inevitably accompany these, all things thus repeating their influence [ripening] in their due season." (The alternative readings placed within brackets are those of the "Memorials," i. 120-5.)

Dorothy's earlier letters are mainly occupied with news and pretty stories of her little nephews and nieces, to whom De Quincey was most tenderly attached; with details of the furnishing and furnishing for him of Dove Cottage, endeared to herself by pleasant memories of the nine preceding years, and with Coleridge's distressful efforts to launch and swim that "Friend" which proved no friend to him.

A chapter of the "Memorials" is given to Wordsworth's Convention of Cintra pamphlet, which De Quincey was supposed to be "seeing through the press" while in London, in 1809. The poet's letters to De Quincey are full of expressions of gratitude for good services, but, though they were sincere enough, gratitude was not the only feeling then cherished towards his helper. The other was pointedly expressed in his contemporaneous letters to Poole, and to Daniel Stuart, who had undertaken to revise the proofs with an eye to the excision of possible libels; and, as sufficient extracts from these are accessible in Professor Knight's "Life of Wordsworth" (vol. ii. 133-7), Dr. Japp might readily have completed his narrative, by showing that De Quincey did not so much see the pamphlet through the press as detain it there until the occasion of it had become ancient history.

* *De Quincey Memorials*. Edited by A. H. Japp, LL.D. 2 vols. London: Heinemann. 1891.

The *Century Magazine* for April 1891. London: Fisher Unwin. Article: "Early Intercourse of the Wordsworths and De Quincey," by H. A. Page.

The unfortunate rupture between Wordsworth and De Quincey is not mentioned in the "Memorials," but it is treated with lengthy incompleteness, and very unsatisfactorily, in the *Century* article. It took place, no doubt, about the time of De Quincey's marriage, and was probably in some way or other connected with that; but Dr. Japp produces no evidence (beyond a gossiping letter of Charles Sumner) for the assumption he puts forward, that the sole or principal cause of the rupture was the circumstance that De Quincey had "married beneath" his own and the Wordsworths' social position. Such a thing is possible; but surely, from all we know of Wordsworth and his wife, it is improbable. Although Dr. Japp produces no evidence, he hints that he has some in his possession; but hints, in such a case, are hardly sufficient. He reproduces from *Tait's Magazine* selected passages from De Quincey's suppressed account of his quarrel with the Wordsworths, but strangely omits De Quincey's honourable warning that the account is to be taken *cum grano*: "I acknowledge myself to have been long alienated from Wordsworth; sometimes, even, I feel a rising emotion of hostility—nay, something, I fear, too nearly akin to vindictive hatred."

All lovers of literature and De Quincey will sincerely regret that, in thanking his representatives for permitting the publication of these interesting family papers, it is impossible to extend an equal measure of gratitude to their sympathetic and industrious editor.

THE HISTORY OF PORTUGAL.

Story of the Nations: Portugal. By H. Morse Stephens. (T. Fisher Unwin.)—This volume of the useful historical series has more than average interest, and its publication is well timed, when our cordial friendship for what English statesmen always called "our ancient ally" has been very groundlessly belied in the petulant agitation of African boundary disputes. There are no two other European nations equally bound to each other for many centuries past by an unbroken series of good offices and by entire harmony of interests. It may still remain as true as it seemed fifty or a hundred years ago that the geographical situation of Portugal, with a view to any combined action of our Channel fleet, our Mediterranean fleet, and the naval forces protecting our Atlantic and other ocean commerce, makes her alliance far more valuable to Great Britain than that of the greatest military empire. The earliest struggles of Portugal for existence and security as an independent kingdom, and for the overthrow of the Moorish dominion south of the Tagus, were repeatedly assisted by English volunteers, who touched at Oporto on their way to the Crusades. In these conflicts, beginning with the twelfth century, and in all the national affairs, to the opening of the wonderful era of maritime enterprise in the fifteenth century, Portuguese native valour, with the signal ability and energy of the reigning princes, was most conspicuously displayed. The frequent interchange of courtesies and substantial services with the Plantagenet kings of England, and particularly the connection of John of Gaunt's lineage with the descendants of John I. after 1387, should be known to most of our own countrymen. It may be remarked that the period of amazing Portuguese seafaring activity and trading or colonising achievements, extending all down the west coast and all up the east coast of Africa, all over the Indian Ocean, in the Persian Gulf, along the shores of India, and through the Malay Archipelago to China, happened so as not to bring the English into competition for the rich prizes of such commerce. It was only during the long subsequent term of the incorporation of Portugal with the Spain of Philip II. and his successors, from 1580 to 1640, that the Portuguese possessions in the East were attacked and despoiled, not by the English but by the Dutch. If some of them, like Ceylon, have since fallen to Great Britain, it is because they were involved in the defeats of French policy under the Bourbons or Napoleon I. The relations, in general, between us and the Portuguese have been such as to exclude commercial as well as mercantile jealousy. We find this volume pleasant and profitable reading, but could wish it longer, by a hundred pages or more, to allow a fuller account of Wellington's Peninsular War, and of the contests for Portuguese constitutional liberty fifty or sixty years ago.

A DUTCH NOVEL.

An Old Maid's Lore. By Maarten Maartens. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—The author of that powerful story "The Sin of Joost Avelingh" writes very good English, and needs no translator for his acceptable pictures of Dutch society and domestic life. In this tale, as in that which we lately commended, he describes chiefly the manners of provincial middle-class families in quiet old-world towns and rural villages, apart from the bustle of great commercial cities like Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and from courtly or aristocratic influences. The village of Wyk, a few miles from the town of Overstad, which should be in the province of Utrecht, is a fit home for such a typical Dutch old maiden lady as Juffrouw Susanna Varelkamp. Her character is sternly religious, self-bound with rules and habits of strict precision, but inwardly fermenting with strong natural passions, not those of an ignoble spirit. These are called into violent action by her affection for a nephew, Arnout Oostrum, whom she has reared from infancy, a theological student at the University of Overstad. The young man is fascinated by a gay French coquette, Madame la Vicomtesse de Mongelas, travelling alone on that road: a carriage accident, a sprained ankle, have brought her into his aunt's sequestered dwelling. His principles are speedily relaxed; the more readily as he is just now the rejected suitor of a good Dutch girl, Dorothy van Donselaar, whose father, a rich Amsterdam coffee-merchant living in the neighbourhood, is humorously portrayed as the foolish and priggish tyrant of an unhappy home. Another notable person is the Widow Barsselius, of Overstad, a wealthy, self-indulgent, capricious matron, cousin to Miss Varelkamp, disposed to treat the affair with the strange Frenchwoman as a matter of heartless amusement. But to "Tante Suze," or Aunt Susanna, it is an awful thing, with her views, that the youth's soul must be eternally lost through the unholly seductions of that abandoned foreigner. In a fit of distracted frenzy, hardly knowing the crime she commits, she administers a perilous dose of laudanum; but her guest's life is saved, and Arnout, justly indignant, takes Madame away from the house. He then weakly yields to temptation, and elopes with this profligate adventuress to Italy, whereupon Miss Varelkamp deems it her duty to get them lawfully married. Unfortunately for her righteous design, Madame de Mongelas has left a husband still living in Paris. Miss Varelkamp's peculiar notions lead her to undertake a journey thither, accompanied by her good parish clergyman, Jakob te Bakel, and to sacrifice nearly her whole small income, to procure a divorce. This part of the story, where they call on the Vicomte in Paris, and learn the real history of his runaway wife, is good serious comedy, relieving the intense moral strain of the poor old maiden aunt's preceding mental struggle. Her nephew at length returns to home and duty, obtaining more happiness than he quite deserves.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

There has been a flutter among the collectors of Mr. Matthew Arnold's works. Messrs. Mudie, of the Oxford Street library, have quite recently found a quantity of old stock, including first editions of "Literature and Dogma," and even copies of the still rarer "Friendship's Garland." Of course they disappeared the moment they got into Messrs. Mudie's list—the "Friendship's Garland" at twenty-four shillings each. More remarkable was the "find," in Messrs. Longmans' cellars, of about two hundred copies of Matthew Arnold's "Last Words on Translating Homer." The three earlier Oxford lectures, "On Translating Homer," published in 1861, have been out of print for years, but Messrs. Longmans assert that they have never answered "Out of print" to applications for the "Last Words," published in 1862. Be that as it may, the book had become very scarce and had gone up in price. It would be well if all the Homer Lectures and the "Friendship's Garland" were reprinted. The moral, however, for book-collectors is to make quite sure that a book is really out of print, and not always to assume that the hasty word of a bookseller is correct.

Publishing would seem to be a very desperate lottery. Some of the old firms, like the Longmans and the Murrays, appear, it is true, to go on for ever; but there are rumours of the break-up of two or three houses which have published many good books in their day. On the other hand, the firms of Osgood, Heinemann, Stott, and Fisher Unwin—some of the most recent of publishing houses—are doing excellent work. Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co., for example, the very latest arrivals among our publishers, have already given us Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Intentions," Miss Mary E. Wilkins's new volume of stories, and Mr. Austin Dobson's "Horace Walpole." Among their announcements are a volume of Mr. Thomas Hardy's stories—how many more publishers will Mr. Hardy employ?—a volume of essays by Mr. St. George Mivart; a volume of that criticism through which Mr. W. D. Howells has raised such a storm about his ears; and the articles on "Siberia," by Mr. George Kennan, which excited so much sympathy for the Russian exiles.

Each of these publishers has, of course, his "series." Mr. Fisher Unwin has his "Story of the Nations Series," his "Pseudonym Library," and the dainty "Cameo Series"; Mr. David Stott is known by his "Stott Library" and "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors"; Mr. Heinemann by his "International Library"; and, lastly, Messrs. Osgood threaten us with "Red Letter Stories"—a title which, they say, implies the very best books from all countries—a rival, in fact, to Mr. Heinemann's "International Library." The early volumes of the "Red Letter Stories" will include tales by Anatole France, Guy de Maupassant, Giovanni Verga, and Joel Chandler Harris.

M. René Millet, a young diplomat who had for some years the onerous task of looking after French interests in Servia, has just published, with Hachette, a very readable volume—"Les Balkans"—in which he manages to tell us a great deal about those lands, to many of us a *Thule* ultimate and dim, where something seems always to be happening, or going to happen. Queen Nathalie's memoirs are announced for the autumn, and will appear simultaneously in English, French, and Russian. The Servian Government have already taken measures to prohibit the sale of the book, but a *patois* translation will certainly be smuggled in by the fair lady's friends, and will prove a formidable political pamphlet. Queen Nathalie is writing the actual manuscript in French, with the help of a well-known literary Parisian.

The election of Pierre Loti to the Academy *sauteuil* left vacant by the death of Octave Feuillet must have proved a great disappointment to Emile Zola, who had felt this time almost secure of victory. The author of "L'Assommoir" has been confiding to a French review what books have most influenced him. They are De Musset's poems, "Madame Bovary," and Taine's "History of English Literature." A curious list, truly, for the great apostle of realism to choose from out of the world's literature.

Mrs. Oliphant's memoir of Laurence Oliphant will call attention to T. L. Harris's poetical works. They never had a great circulation in this country, but in America they have had a large sale. They profess to be improvisations; the longest, which is about equal in size to the "Idylls of the King," was dictated to an amanuensis in thirty-six hours. Here is the beginning of a song from "The Epic of the Starry Heavens"—

When swelling buds their sheaths forsake—
Sing, cuckoo, sing in flowering tree,
And yellow daffodils awake,
The virgin Spring is fair to see.

Not much in this, but if the poems, as a whole, be improvisations, they are of unusual mark.

Speaking to a leading London bookseller the other day on the circulation of religious books, I was informed that with him the works of Westcott, Liddon, and Church had the largest sale, and that of these Westcott stood decidedly at the head. Archdeacon Farrar, he said, had of late years ceased to sell largely. I was somewhat astonished to learn that there is a very large and rapid demand for cheap books on Socialism.

It is gratifying to know that the serious illness of the Bishop of Rochester will not delay the appearance of Arch-bishop Tait's biography, which will be issued very soon.

It will be matter for general regret that Mr. Leslie Stephen has been compelled, through ill-health, to retire from the editorship of the "Dictionary of National Biography." The work, which he has projected and carried through to the letter "H," is a monument of valuable research and critical insight, and no small portion of its best wisdom and keenest criticism has been provided in articles from the editor's own pen. One is glad, therefore, to know that Mr. Stephen will remain a contributor. Mr. Sidney Lee is his successor in the editorship.

New Books and New Editions to Hand.—"Life of Laurence Oliphant," by Mrs. Oliphant, 2 vols. (W. Blackwood and Sons); "Charles Darwin: his Life and Work," by Charles Frederick Holder (Putnam); "New Popular Educator," Vol. V. (Cassell); Darwin's "Voyage of a Naturalist"; Vol. II. of "Best Hundred Books Series" (Routledge); "By the Western Sea: a Summer Idyll," by James Baker (Longmans); "A Hidden Foe," by G. A. Henry, 2 vols. (Sampson Low and Co.); "The Insanity of Genius," by J. F. Nisbet (Ward and Downey); "The Greatest Light in the World," by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon (Passmore and Alabaster); "Low's Handbook to the Charities of London" (Sampson Low and Co.); "Life of Nelson," by Robert Southey, with a preface by J. K. Laughton (Cassell); "A Scientific Frontier; or, The Danger of a Russian Invasion of India," by John Dacosta (W. H. Allen).



ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.



THE MIDLAND RAILWAY STATION.



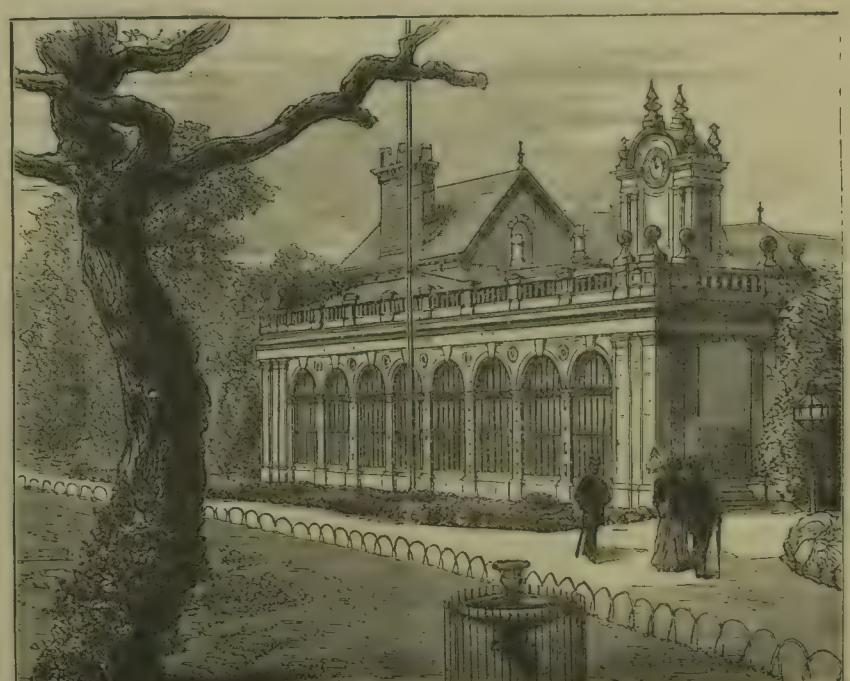
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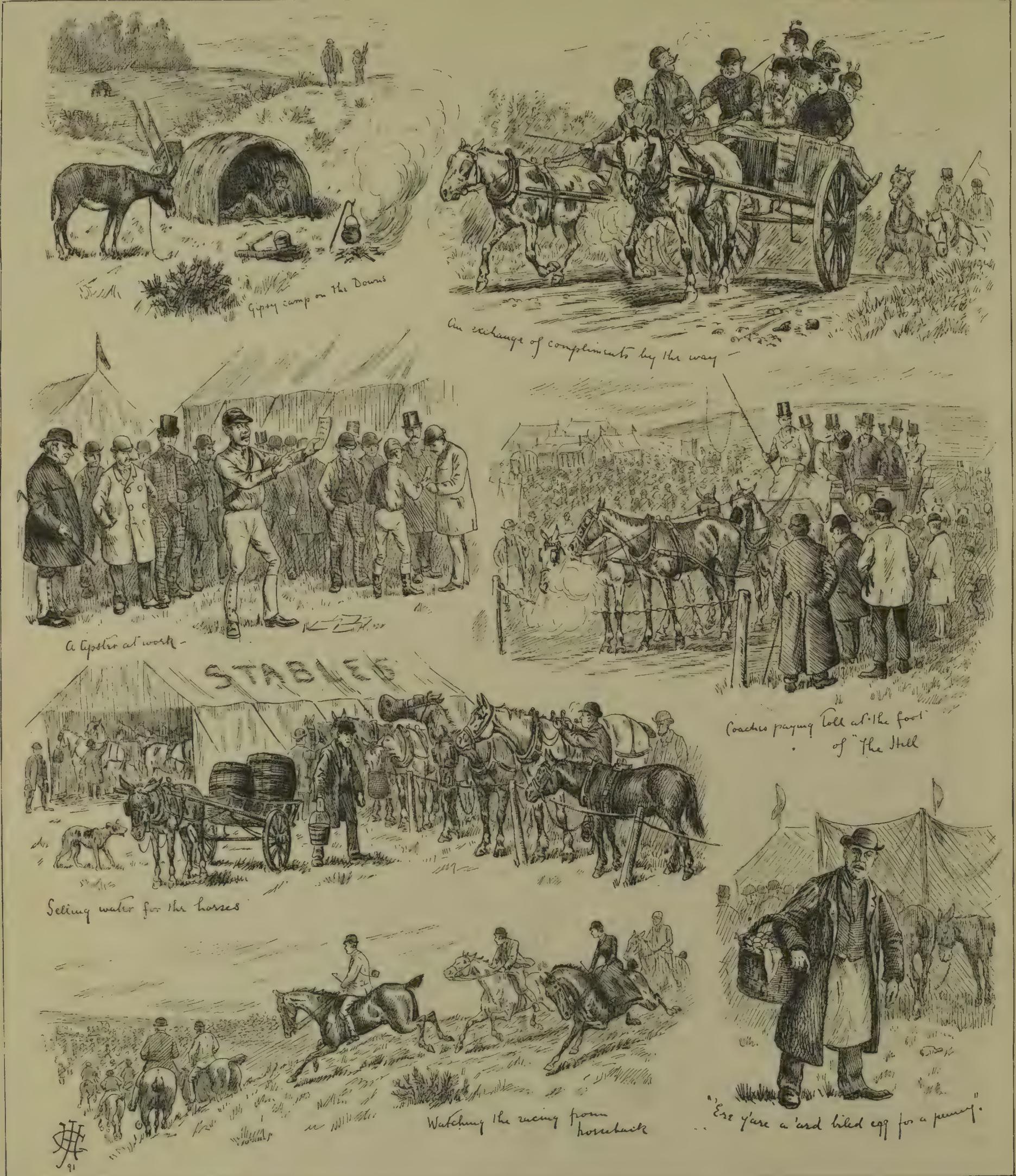
ST. PETER'S CHURCH.



IN THE ARBORETUM.



THE DERBY: THE FALL OF THE FLAG



SKETCHES AT EPSOM.

COWLEY STREET, SHADWELL.

BY CLEMENTINA BLACK.

Cowley Street, Shadwell, is a unique street, and, at certain seasons of the year, one of the prettiest streets in London. It is situated in a particularly sordid, grimy, and unpicturesque neighbourhood, being a turning northward from Cable Street, a few yards east of Shadwell Station. Anyone who, for his sins, travels from Fenchurch Street as far as Stepney, should look out immediately after passing Shadwell and, from the railway arch which he crosses, behold Cowley Street, an oasis in the desert. Cowley Street is made up of "model dwellings" set side by side, instead of piled one above another. It is, in short, an example—one of the very few examples—of the sort of dwelling which the Mansion House Council upon the housing of the Poor recommends, in its newly issued report, as preferable to the barrack-like block. Cowley Street is not a thoroughfare. At its north end it is blocked by a wall, above which are seen trees, the gable of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Commercial Road, and the tall chimney of Messrs. Frost's rope-works. A flavour, nautical and not unpleasant, of new ropes pervades it. The houses are two-storeyed. In front are little strips of garden, with railings and gates. Each gate gives access to four dwellings—two upstairs and two down. The houses are built of brick, and at this moment they betray that the railway smoke has spoiled their complexion. A little later on, this aspect will be concealed, for there is hardly a

house which has not a creeper growing on it. From June till September Cowley Street is green from end to end, and the latticed windows look out from garlands of foliage. These windows are one great charm of the houses. Instead of the hideous little sash-window of the ordinary block, they have three divisions, of which the middle one opens like a door, and their panes are inserted, not, indeed, in the true rustic diamond, but in a very pretty lattice pattern, not unlike that in an old-fashioned bookcase. Within, these tenements are of three rooms, or three rooms with a scullery, the rents being six shillings or six shillings and sixpence a week. Many, but not quite all, have a fair piece of ground, common to two tenements, behind. In one of these, some old sailor had erected a mast, with pennon and cordage. The front room of each tenement, which is the main living room, has a good kitchen grate and two cupboards: it is a larger and a far prettier room than is usually to be found in a "block of buildings." With its long shape, its wide latticed window, and its plentiful view of sky, it suggests a room in some farmhouse or well-to-do country cottage. Behind this, is a second room, smaller, but not very small, with a good open fireplace, and again cupboards. A passage opening from the front room, and well lighted, leads to a small second bedroom, and the scullery. The scullery contains sink, copper, and fireplace. It also contains a veritable coal-hole in the shape of a big cupboard capable of containing well over half a ton of coals. How great a boon this is, perhaps few persons know who have not dwelt in a "block," with a box containing one single

hundredweight by way of sole coal-cellars. Altogether there is about these little dwellings a character and a charm entirely wanting in the similar tenements—let at about the same rent—in any of the many depressing piles of "buildings" to be seen nearly all over London. They look like houses, not like lodgings; they are places not to shelter in, but to live in. The street is light, open, and cheerful, not dwarfed and darkened by blank piles of masonry. The airiness and light make plants possible, hence the creepers and the flower-pots to be seen on nearly every balcony. There are no long flights of steps serving as a dangerous playground to scores of children; no dreary asphalt courtyard; none of that continual tramping past the doorway, that ceaseless crying of babies and shouting of children within the same walls, which make life so feverish within a block. These, in short, are homes, not rabbit-warrens. But then these 112 homes are not the property of a company. They belong to one man, and possibly his profits might not seem large enough to please shareholders. But he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is easing the struggles of town life for 112 households. And it need hardly be said he has the more worldly satisfaction of knowing that his tenements are always let, which is by no means the case with some of the East End blocks erected by companies. This gentleman is, I am informed, a member of the Mansion House Council; and his example seems to have had the weight which it deserves with his colleagues. If the council can succeed in diminishing "buildings" and in multiplying Cowley Streets, it will indeed do well for its generation.

THE MICROBE AND THE NOVELIST.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Although novel-writing is an exercise of genius, it is also a business. Novels must be novel no less than Manchester goods. Equally with the ladies and gentlemen of the music-hall, the novelist must be "topical." The grand question for him is—What is most likely to catch on? Or, putting the question in a more ancient and agreeable form—How is the public mind attuned at the present moment?

Thus tritely did a certain novelist moralise in a conversation of two: his mien the while being meant to indicate the mournful submission of pride to vulgar tyranny, but telling all the while of something else—the swelling pregnancy of a new and great idea, lately conceived. There is no disguising when a new and great idea takes possession of the poet or the romance-writer; it streams forth of him, and stands about him in palpable impalpability, like the yet unevoked Yes of a maiden beloved. Brigstock (we will give him that name) was so full of his new idea that there were moments when it seemed to radiate from his rough-cast brow, crossing the tobacco-cloud like the swift-darting shafts of aurora borealis.

Of course, it would not have been thus had Brigstock been unwilling to impart, which he was not. Inquiry as to how, in his judgment, the public mind was now attuned for the novelist's purposes produced the expected answer: "No change at present. Biology and blood, speaking in a general way. The genesis of vice in morbid physiological conditions; and plenty of vice—horrible, uncontrollable—and plenty of pity for it as a dread fatality. The heart a hospital ward, and Science the true exponent of all that is good and bad in us. That sort of thing."

But, I answer has not enough of that sort of thing been put on the market—this and the hypnotic stories, and the transfusion-of-soul tales, and so forth? Brigstock doubts it—doubts whether the public mind is not on the stretch at this moment for some culminating work of fiction that shall close this particular cycle of literary effort (his own language) with a tale of surpassing *actualité*, carrying scientific speculation to the highest point of horror—moral and physical. (The Idea!—it beams from the cloud that Brigstock has drawn across his brows.) And is there any reason to suppose? Has anybody such a work as that on the anvil? I ask. Yes Brigstock has. And with that acknowledgment Brigstock rises from his comfortable chair and begins to walk up and down the room with all the mental works of him in violent action.

He has an idea that—that—that he thinks will do. It has the advantage of springing from the freshest and most pressing *actualité* of the day, and of working out through the most appalling theory that has ever yet invaded the domain of morals. Here Brigstock pauses and gasps. "The freshest and most pressing *actualité* is—?" "Well, we all know what it is," says Brigstock—"the influenza microbe! A microbe—not a doubt of it; mysteriously sweeping in invisible flights from the steppes of Russia, from the flood-desolated plains of China, from Heaven knows where beyond this world altogether! spreading with mysterious swiftness, setting up mysterious symptoms, and killing marvellously soon." "Very good, and then?" "Why, then, you see, the public mind dwells on this mystery; imagination is prepared for a similar incursion which might very conceivably sweep the whole human race into death and oblivion—by sea and by land (do you get an idea of the ships drifting from ocean to ocean?) in the few weeks of a single summer." I say I suppose that a notion which must have occurred to many minds; that it may be a little too familiar for Brigstock's purpose; that it does not seem to offer scope for sufficient novelty and variety of incident if "3 vols., £1 11s. 6d." be the ultimate intention. He coldly replies that, being an old hand at the business, he of course understands that. His imagination takes a much wider range, and provides infinitely more material for his Art.

Now then, for it! I am to remember that Modern Inquiry, which is watched from every nook and corner into which the literature of the day penetrates, from the boudoir of the duchess to the sempstress's garret, has done away with the old idea of vice and virtue as spiritual principles, populating the human heart with various qualities of good and ill. All this is now understood by the wise and suspected by the ignorant to be the mere resultant of physiological conditions, in most cases hereditary. It is all a question of healthy or disordered tissues. This has been proved. One sort of toxic agent—alcohol, say—produces some kinds of moral depravity; others a different kind. Here is a drug specially destructive of veracity; here another that provokes to treachery, to murder; here another that makes satyrs of saints by some subtle ferment in the blood that rushes to its appropriate place in the brain, like those wonderful microbes which, entering anywhere, make straight for certain nerve-centres, and there breed and breed and propagate their poison. "Now," says Brigstock, "you probably begin to see my notion for 'The Doom of Man, or 'The Last Purification.' I have not settled on the title yet, but it will be something corresponding in effectiveness to the well-known 'Last Man.' It is, in short, the end of all mankind by a sweeping cloud of strange microbial messengers, as it were from the Pit—covering all the earth, filling all the air, entering into the veins of every human creature; but acting, not like this influenza, you know, but, like those toxic drugs, on the *moral* nature of every man and woman of every complexion and every clime, corrupting, inflaming, maddening, devastating! And all at once—do you see?—all at once." "But, my good Brigstock!" I exclaimed, horrified. "Yes, I know! What scenes, eh! What colossal chances for the word-painter! Every virtue extinguished—every vice rioting to utter madness in town and village all the world through; this violence confluent with that, all violences running together in flaming streams, as you may say, to the speedy destruction of the whole race—a moral conflagration in which all perish! And this prodigious tragedy, mark you, is quite in the natural order of things, perfectly scientific, merely the production of molecular change in the human system through microbial action of a quite conceivable kind. Now, what do you think of that for an Idea?"

The answer was, that the author of it ought to be placed immediately under the surveillance of the police. Brigstock (I have already said that this is a feigned name) at once demanded that his confidence should be respected. He was met with a demand that he should drop his glorious Idea. He flatly refused: he had sketched half a dozen magnificent scenes already, and saw that the whole thing would go like hot rolls, properly worked up. And as Brigstock remained deaf to expostulation, and is now at work from nine till nine every day on bowls of black coffee and great slices of German sausage (his favourite stimulants), I think it only right to step before him and raise a warning voice.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R. W. SPENCER (Manchester).—The number you quote is not one of ours. The only one in which your move is possible is No. 2456, and there obviously it is of no use. D. M. LATTA (Edinburgh).—Thanks.

W. F. W. (London).—There ought to have been a solution, and the fact of its absence is, as you correctly infer, a case of Homer nodding.

P. H. W. (Hampstead).—You have omitted something from the diagram, as there are only five white pieces, and you mention six. Besides, there is an obvious mate by 1. Kt to K Kt 5th.

A. N. BRAYSHAW.—The position is ugly, but the play compensates for such a defect. It shall certainly appear if correct.

T. R. MILLS (Singapore).—The idea is now somewhat hackneyed, but our main objection is to the dual mates, which constitute a serious flaw in that class of problem. We have nothing to do with the periodical you mention.

W. BARRETT.—Very good. It shall appear.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2443 to 2446 received from P. B. BENNIE (Melbourne); of No. 2451 from W. F. SLIPPER (Madras); of No. 2452 from Dr. R. V. SMITH (Tumkur); of No. 2454 from Mish-Nish; of No. 2455 from A. GWINNER and H. V. CRANE; of No. 2456 from J. BROWN, JULIA SHORT (Exeter), E. D. WAY (Worthing), J. G. GRANT, J. D. TUCKER (Leeds), and H. S. B. (BEN RHYDDING); of No. 2457 from H. V. CRANE and J. D. TUCKER, W. H. HAIRHORN (Rush), B. E. H., and I. L. MUSGRAVE.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2458 received from Dr. F. S. W. H. REED (Liverpool), THOMAS CHOWN, S. B. TALLANTREY, J. D. TUCKER, M. BURKE, R. J. MUSGRAVE, J. G. GRANT, D. H. HURFORD, BLAIR H. COCHRANE, N. HARRIS, MONTY, E. P. WILLIAMS, MARTIN F. HEGERTON, P. WOLLEY, A. C. HARLEY, G. JOICEY, A. NEWMAN, STAFFORD, R. H. LEGGE, E. E. H. L. SCHUTZ (Vancouver), F. S. JACKSON, T. ROBERTS, W. WRIGHT, E. BYGOTT, R. WORTERS (CATHERINEHAM), C. M. A. B. E. LEANDER, T. G. (WARE) SORRENTO (Dawlish), ARTHUR CHURCH, COLUMBUS, W. TIGHE, A. G. GUNNELL, L. DESNERS (FLORENCE), LIEUT-COLONEL LORRAINE, W. R. B. (Plymouth), MARY DAWSON, W. R. (CARDIFF), MRS. WILSON (Plymouth), J. ROSS (Whitley), A. L. HOPE, SERGEANT, B. W. HEATH, C. E. PERUGIANI, J. W. BLAZZ, D. MC COY (Galway), R. H. BROOKS, W. R. ITALIEN, B. D. KNOX, R. ITALOCLAF, J. C. IRISH, EDGAR DREW, G. JEFFERY, F. L. WOOD, F. DOUGHES (Hull), G. L. ELLIS, and F. FERNANDO (Dublin).

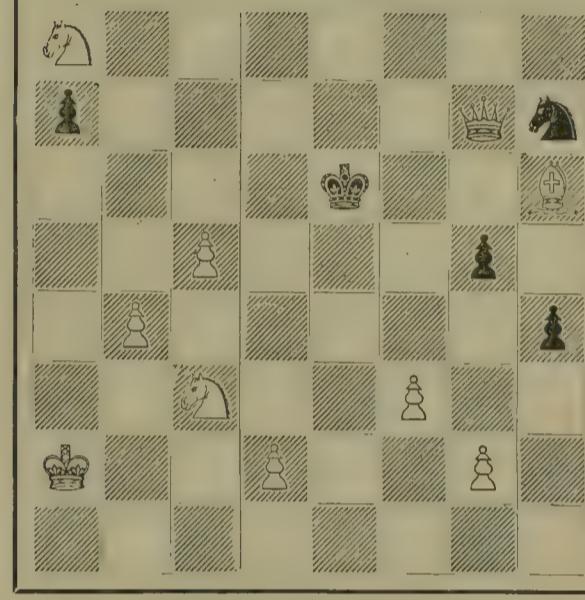
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2456.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q 2nd Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM NO. 2460.

By MRS. W. J. BAIRD.

BLACK.

WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN SCOTLAND.

A smart specimen of the Evans Gambit played between Messrs. G. B. FRASER and W. A. WALKER, of the Dundee Chess Club.

(Evans Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. F.). BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th B takes P
5. P to Q B 3rd B to R 4th
6. Q to Kt 3rd Q to K B 3rd
7. Castles P to Q 3rd
8. P to Q 4th P takes P
9. P takes P B to Q Kt 3rd
10. P to K 5th P takes P
11. P takes P Q to Kt 3rd
12. B to Q 3rd Q to K R 4th
13. Q Kt to B 3rd K Kt to K 2nd
14. Q Kt to K 4th Castles
15. Kt to Kt 3rd

White's attack appears to be overwhelming. Black, however, manages not only to repel it, but in a few moves finds means to become the aggressor.

16. B to R 3rd Q to Kt 5th
17. Q R to K sq B to K 3rd
18. Q to B 2nd B to Q 4th

The Pawn obviously must be given up.

WHITE (Mr. F.) BLACK (Mr. W.)
as any attempt to retain it would entail immediate disaster.

19. B takes R P (ch) K to R sq

20. B to K 4th Q R to Q sq
21. B takes B

Perhaps K to R sq, at this juncture, would enable White still to retain his advantage.

22. R to K 4th Kt takes B

23. R to K 3rd K to K B 5th

24. B to B sq Kt to Q 6th

Black has now got out of his difficulties, and assumes the offensive.

25. K R to K 2nd Q Kt to Kt 5th
26. Q to Q 4th Q to Q B 3rd

An unfortunate mistake, which involves the loss of the game. Q to K 3rd would have left him with the better position.

27. Q takes B P, and Black resigned in a few moves.

CHESS IN SURREY.

Game played between Mr. F. N. BRAUND and another AMATEUR.

(Two Knights Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
(Amateur.) (Amateur.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th Kt to B 3rd
4. Kt to Kt 5th P to Q 4th
5. P takes P Kt takes P
6. Kt takes B P K takes Kt
7. Q to B 3rd (ch) K to K 3rd
8. Kt to K 3rd Kt to Kt 5th
9. Q to K 4th P to B 3rd

Mr. Steinitz recommends P to Q Kt 4th, and continues the variation to Black's advantage.

10. P to Q R 3rd Q to R 4th

Fatal, as White can take the Kt with impunity.

11. P takes Kt Q takes Rt

Black has nothing better than to accept the Greek gift.

12. Castles B takes P

13. Kt takes Kt P takes Kt

14. Q takes P (ch) K to K 2nd

15. P to Q 4th Q takes B

16. R takes Q R to Q sq

17. Q takes P (ch) K to B sq

18. Q to B 4th (ch) K to K 2nd

19. P to Q B 3rd B to R 4th

20. Q to K 5th (ch) Resigns.

The fight for the championship of the City of London Chess Club is still going on, and the closing struggle is being watched with great interest. Mr. Loman has played off his tie with Mr. Woon, and won. He is, therefore, the victor of No. 2 section; but in No. 1 section there are still two possible winners. On Wednesday, May 20, Mr. Hooke, in a well-played game, beat Mr. Moriau. This did Mr. Hooke himself no good, as he is out of the race; but it brought Mr. Mocatta and Mr. Moriau level, and they have arranged to play off their tie. The victor will then play off with Mr. Loman.

The annual chess-match between six members of the Cercle des Echecs and six members of the British Chess Club was played at Paris on May 19, and resulted in a draw, three games being scored on each side. The winners were Comte d'Harcourt and MM. De Gaste and Isel, for Paris; and Messrs. Newnes, M. P. Bassett Hopkins, and Trenchard, for London. After the match was concluded, the English team was most hospitably entertained by their courteous hosts.

The annual medal competition of the Edinburgh Chess Club has resulted in the success of Mr. E. MacDonald with a score of 18½ won and 3½ lost.

The *Chess Openings Simplified*. By G. T. Audley (J. H. Birkenshaw, 105, Stafford Street, Hanley).—This is a simple index to the names of the openings, arranged in a convenient form for those who are not familiar with ordinary text-books.

The Thames Angling Preservation Society have purchased 20,000 perch ova from the Solway Fisheries, Dumfries, to be eventually used for re-stocking the Thames, which is almost depleted of perch. For the present the ova have been deposited in the society's rearing-stream at Sunbury.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Quantities of flowers disport their hues on the tops of the summer hats with which milliners, heroically regardless of the barometer, are displacing the chapeaux prepared for the mid-season. The best hats are nearly all very flat of crown (and it is concealed with flowers to boot) and broad of brim, the sides being somewhat bent down over the ears, and the fronts worn to well shade the forehead. This shape would do admirably for a very hot sunny summer. It is absurd amid the snows of this English May; and the weatherwise predict that wet and cold are to remain our unwelcome guests all the summer. But there the hat is, anyhow—the prevailing mode with dressy costumes. The trimming is higher at the back than at the front, but quite low everywhere. For more ordinary wear, the morning walk, shopping, and so on, the rage of the moment is for Tyrolean hats in straw, trimmed round with a simple band of velvet and two "dog's ears" of the same at the left side. These new "boat-shaped" hats are worn small.

Bonnets are flat in shape, scarcely curved, indeed, to the form of the head. Gold is a great deal used on them—and flowers and ribbon trim them, almost to the exclusion of feather tips. A typical little French bonnet has a flat shape, rising slightly for a crown, of fine gold wire; this wire is raised in the front into a pleating that sits prettily above the brow. Round the edge is a wreath of cultivated heath, white, just touched with pink, while at the back rises a cluster of bows of inch-wide ribbon velvet, white and yellow—every pair of bows of the two colours being fixed together with dainty little jewelled pins; the yellow ribbon alone forms the strings. Such shapes as these are unlined, so that the hair is in part visible through them. Another somewhat similar bonnet had bright red velvet ribbon carried round the side, and a little bow of the same in front, and at the back a cluster of two or three small red roses combined with many upstanding buds and green spikes, just leaning over the crown.

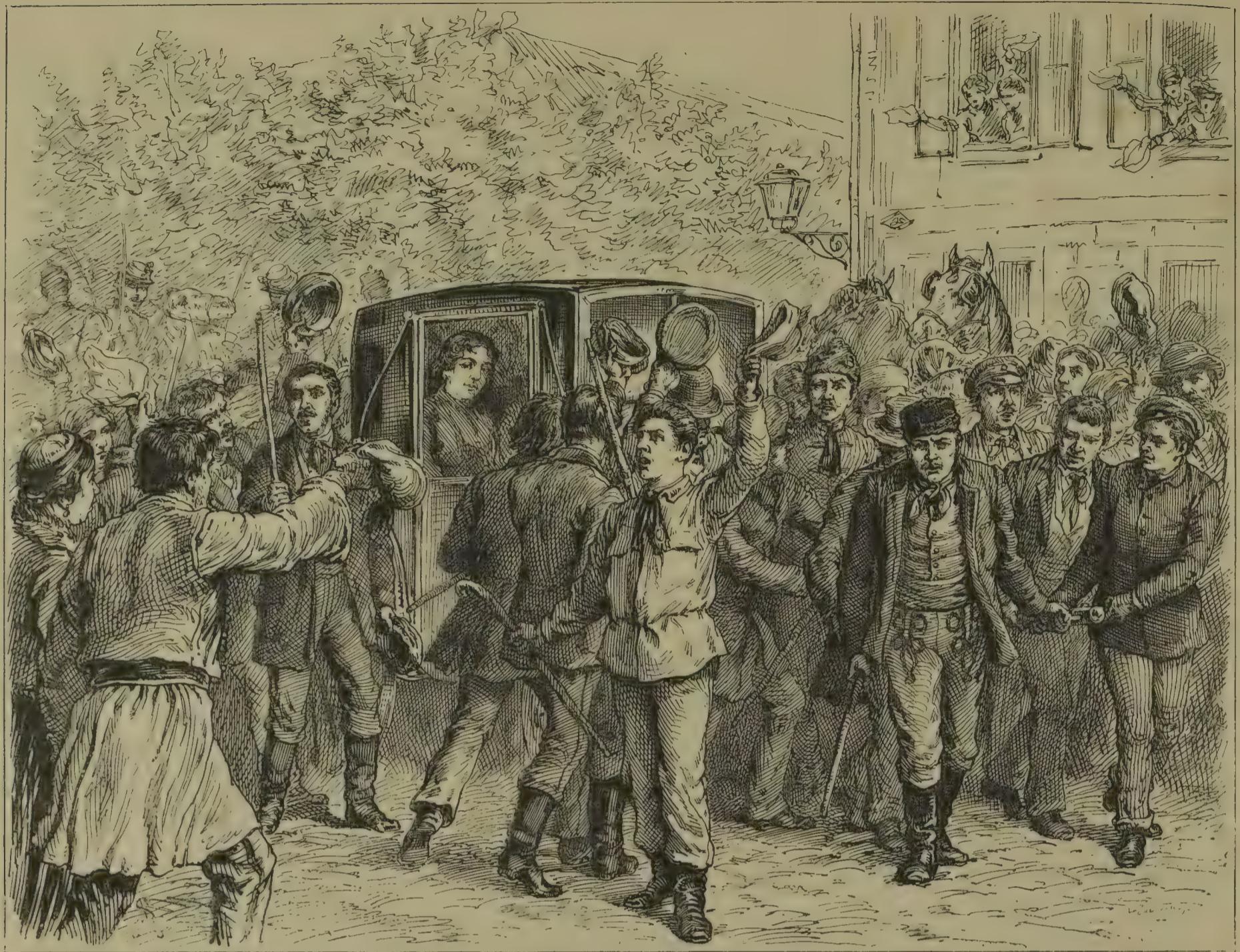
"As in the days of Noë," we continue to give a little thought to these trivialities; but there is no denying that a pall of gloom has been hanging over the London season up to the present. After a cruel winter, in which chest diseases almost took on the form of an epidemic, we now have the mysterious and subtle fever commonly called (though nobody knows why) influenza. People who have not had it—either to endure or to nurse—suppose that this sickness is like what was called by the same name in previous times: a violent cold in the head, possibly spreading to the lungs. But in many cases there is no catarrhal symptom whatever; only a burning fever consuming the unhappy sufferer, and accompanied by wild headache and pain in the muscles all over the body. If the patient lays up at once he seems to be fairly safe, for the real danger is that the fever may set up inflammation, and the least exposure to chill enables it to do so in the lungs.

Rest, warmth, and small quantities of good light food seem the essential points for the nurse to secure during attack; and patience while convalescing, so as not to overtax the singularly exhausted constitution, is the cue for every sufferer. Persons who have never been very ill cannot, I think, appreciate the state of a genuine invalid. To feel a painful sinking for want of food or drink, and yet to be so feeble that it is too much trouble to lift a spoon to the mouth, is the condition of many influenza patients forty-eight hours after their seizure. Therefore, they should be fed. One time it may be with raw egg, beaten up to a fluid by the aid of a teaspoonful of hot water. Two hours later, it may be with excellent beef-tea—not water spoiled, but such as the following recipe produces: Take a pound of lean beef, and mince it; put it in a stone jar with a pint of water. Let the jar be closely covered, and stood, surrounded nearly up to the neck by boiling water, in a saucepan, which is to be kept boiling (more hot water being added as needful) without a break for five hours: then the meat is to be well squeezed and strained out of the jar, leaving about two cupsfuls of capital beef-tea. Another time let the patient be fed with gruel of the finest oatmeal; or with beef-jelly, or with milk just thickened by arrowroot, or with anything light that he can be induced to swallow when actually put to his lips—not merely offered, so to speak, conversationally.

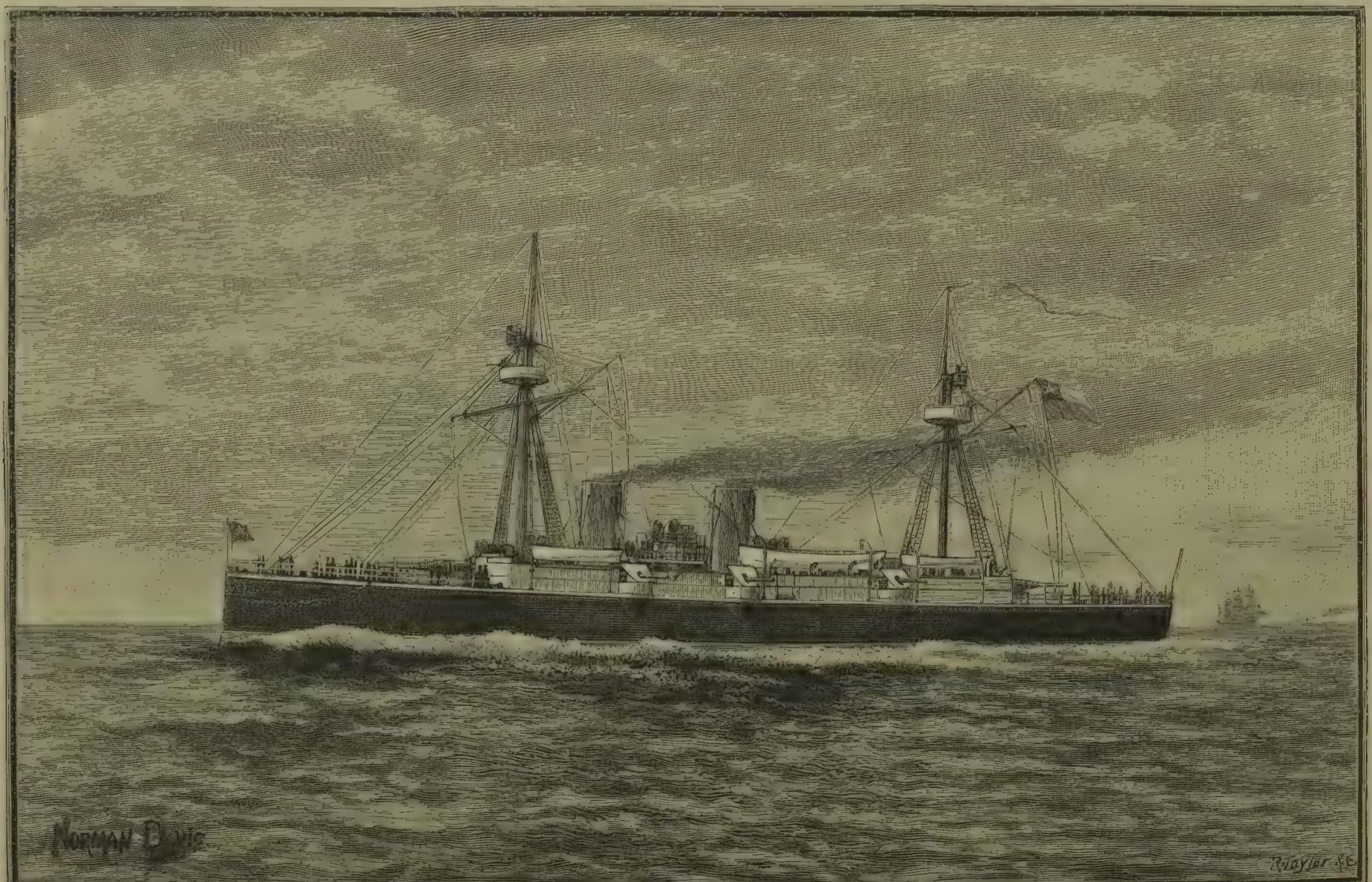
A useful aid in the weakness of digestion that often follows influenza will probably be found in pepsalia. This is a digestive salt—that is to say, it consists of pepsin, the essential agent in digestion, mixed by the aid of art with common table salt. The pepsin causes no change of flavour, and only a little darkening of colour to the ordinary salt, so that it can be used at table without spoiling the food or attracting notice, and as a condiment rather than a medicine.

Lady Duffus Hardy, who died on May 21, was well known as a novelist, and, socially, had troops of friends. She was a clever, gracious, dignified, and unaffected old lady. An untimely and extremely sad death is that of Dr. Adela Knight. She was an Australian girl, who came to the mother country to study medicine when she was only eighteen. Her student career gave her teachers great expectations for her future. She passed M.B. of London University in 1889, and received from the School of Medicine for Women the Helen Prideaux scholarship, a prize founded in memory of a previous most distinguished student of the school who also died very young. The object of the prize is to enable the recipient to continue her professional studies on the Continent, and Miss Knight was doing this in Vienna when she contracted typhoid fever, and, unhappily, died, at the age of twenty-five.

There was quite a scene at the Opera on the night which introduced the new tenor, Mr. Van Dyck. The house was crowded with a brilliant audience—fashionable, literary, and artistic. The Princess of Wales looked so radiant in her white brocade with crêpe de Chine berthe, and wearing a diamond necklace, and



THE EXPULSION OF QUEEN NATALIE FROM SERVIA: THE STUDENTS RESCUING THE QUEEN FROM THE GENDARMES.



THE CHILEAN CRUISER ESMERALDA.



THE HAPPY FAMILY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

TRAINED WILD BEASTS.

A miniature menagerie of wild animals, which in their normal state would readily dine off each other until only the strongest remained, is just now being exhibited at the Crystal Palace, all living together in perfect amity. This is the first time that carnivora—coming from climates as diverse as that of the Arctic regions and the Tropics, or of England during our eccentric month of May—have been trained to live, play, and sleep together in the same cage. The lion does not exactly lie down with the lamb, although Mr. Carl Hagenbeck could also bring about that union, but the king of wild beasts is on the best of terms with his formidable rival in the feline family, the tiger; he makes a playfellow of the ferocious leopard; he joins in a game of see-saw with cheetahs from Thibet; he gambols with ill-natured boarhounds, and finds an amiable companion in the surly polar bear or his more tractable conspecific from Corea. All are at home in the lion's den, which is not more his than theirs. They are all on conditions of perfect social equality.

In this remarkable collection of trained wild animals there are twelve lions, three Bengal tigers, two cheetahs or hunting panthers, two leopards, one polar bear, one Thibet bear, and five boarhounds. The series of wonderful feats and tricks which they perform has never been witnessed before. The performance is a credit alike to them and their trainer. Their savage passions have been quenched. Their natural instincts to devour each other have disappeared: wild nature has been won by kindness and patience.

A patient task, to be sure, has been the training of these animals. Mr. Carl Hagenbeck, who brought them to this country, has had a great experience with wild animals. He has been moving among them since he was a boy; studying their ways, catching them on their native heaths, and training them in his establishment at Hamburg. To tame individual lions and tigers was not a novel feat. They have been made to go through slight performances, but generally under the snap of the whip or the crack of the pistol. They were in a state of suppressed revolt, liable to break out at any moment. They had no confidence in their trainer. But Mr. Hagenbeck has not only trained the animals, he has won their confidence. The lions which performed at the French Exhibition in London last year graduated in his training-school. But to train different animals and make them live together as happily as a family of kittens is an unprecedented feat, and shows what can be accomplished with the wildest and most ferocious of beasts. One necessary condition is that the trainer must get them young. All the twelve lions at the Crystal Palace are home-bred, and young—under eighteen months old; but they are already magnificent animals. The other members of the company are all between eight and eighteen months old. With the exception of the boarhounds, which came from South Germany, all have been imported from their native countries. They had to be trained individually before they were introduced to each other. They have been in training by Mr. Henrich Mehrmann, under the direction of Mr. Hagenbeck, since September last. Mr. Hagenbeck's only secret as a trainer is kindness. The animals have been well fed and kindly treated. They were coaxed into executing some little act, and rewarded for their conduct. If they were backward they were patted, but if they were lazy or surly they were left alone. There was no forcing. Their aptitudes for learning differed very much. Some animals are hopelessly stupid. The lions are intelligent and receptive, and are not very difficult to train. A much less tractable subject is the leopard. Tigers are comparatively easy subjects for the trainer. The Thibet bear is a very funny animal, which evidently enjoys going through his exercises, and inventing new ones for his own and the spectators' amusement. His kinsman from the Arctic regions is a morose, surly animal, which seems to be equipped with only a meagre intelligence, but is well supplied with bad temper. He also has been made quiet and tractable. The boarhounds were also disagreeable at first, and were about the last to join the family group. The animals were not taken for training at random, but were selected from Mr. Hagenbeck's large collection at Hamburg.

The process of introducing different animals so diverse in their natural habits—except that they are possessed with a common desire to devour something—was undertaken with great caution. To bring them into friendly relations was even a more difficult task than to make them trained performers. At first their cages were brought near so that they might have a good look at each other. They remained on snarling terms for several days, but the hostility became less as the distance between them was diminished. By-and-bye, when the cages came quite near, the occupants discovered on closer acquaintance that they need not be enemies after all. One by one they were admitted into the same cage, until the whole family of twenty-six were together. Three keepers watched them night and day in order to quell disturbances and to protect the weak. They are still watched; but they never commit any breach of the peace. They are separated at feeding-time, in order to avoid a struggle for food, which might develop their fighting propensities. Needless to say, they are well fed. All have beef-tea morning and evening, and at midday a good square meal of hot milk, chicken, beef, or horse-flesh, according to their age and wants.

The variety entertainment which the beasts give in the arena is unique. The lion steadies himself upon a revolving sphere, which he guides down an inclined plane; a lion and a tiger play at see-saw with the black bear as a balancer, and the two cheetahs as umpires; tigers play at leap-frog and ride tricycles, also jump hurdles; and the Thibet bear, which is the low comedian and the Blondin of the party, executes a series of amusing and diverting tricks. To wind up, the tigers, harnessed to a chariot, wherein sits his majesty King Leo, crowned and robed in kingly fashion, drive round the arena, attended by the boarhounds as footmen. The animals seem to enjoy the performance, and voluntarily add a few amusing unrehearsed effects of their own.

MODERN ENGLISH AND THE LATIN TEST.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Not we alone," says Theocritus to his friend the physician, "have known love." Not we alone, we may add, have painfully struggled after style. "I am often put to a stand," Dryden observes, "in considering whether what I write be the idiom of the tongue or false grammar . . . and have no other way to clear my doubts but by translating my English into Latin, and thereby trying what sense the words will bear in a more stable language." This passage occurs in Dryden's dedication of "Troilus and Cressida," where, says Mr. Lowell, "he seems to hint at the erection of an Academy." Often have I wished for a translation of Mr. Rossetti's sonnets into Latin prose, and of late I have felt the same longing for a good Latin rendering of Mr. George Meredith's new novel "One of Our Conquerors," a story rich in various and original excellence, but puzzling in the manner of the telling. Though myself among Mr. Meredith's earliest admirers—a student in boyhood of his early and famous romances—I confess that the master's "way" is now to me somewhat perplexing. Like Dryden, "I am often put to a stand to consider whether what he writes be the idiom of the tongue," or something else not so commendable. These are impious doubts; the Meredithians, a fierce people, will not readily nor kindly forgive me. But I was an admirer of Mr. Meredith, alas! before many Meredithians were born. Now I am like a Gladstonian for whom the leader goes too fast, and I would that I could clear my doubts, like Dryden, by translating Mr. Meredith's English into Latin. But my Latin, never Ciceronian, is more than rusty. "She showed a bosom compressed to explode," writes Mr. Meredith (*op. cit. iii. 56*). How would that run in Latin? "Sinum nudavit ita constrictum ut jam rumpi videretur." This is "trying what sense the words will bear in a more stable language," but the native vigour of Mr. Meredith's "bosom compressed to explode" is sadly slackened. This loss of energy, of course, encourages me to believe that Mr. Meredith's idiom is a jewel of an idiom, "a jewel five words long."

A much better scholar than myself owns that he is at a stand in rendering it into Latin prose, but he attempts it in the elegiac measure—

Pectoraque horrendo dissiluere sono.

But this explosion in the novel is only announced as imminent. It did not actually occur, for, in the next page of the novel we read—

Her bosom sprang, to descend into abysses.

Propositus pectus, quo magis in barathra descendere.

Yet, even with the aid of the crib and the context, one does not quite know what this exactly signifies. Is it the fault of a novel-reader's dulness that he cannot understand what an author means by a bosom that springs to descend into abysses? Some great convulsion of the lady's nature is, no doubt, indicated. Can Mr. Meredith mean that the lady drew a deep breath? If he does mean this, would it have been less worthy of him to have said so in plain English? I cannot but surmise that Longinus, the great Greek critic, would have spoken of this kind of writing as "frigid." "Slips of this sort," remarks Longinus, "are made by those who, aiming at brilliancy, polish, and especially attractiveness, are landed in paucity and affectation." "Even men like Xenophon and Plato," he adds, "the very demigods of literature, sometimes forget themselves in the pursuits of such conceits."

Among our modern novelists Mr. Meredith is a demigod, or more; and yet, if Xenophon and Plato erred, it can hardly be quite impious to hold that Mr. Meredith may now and then follow the same wrong path. Latin would be sadly put to it to render "minds which hold together by the cement of a common trepidation." The following phrase is also difficult—"Those wits of the virgin young, quickened to shrewdness by their budding senses—and however vividly—require enlightenment of the audible and visible before their [whose?] sterner feelings can be heated to break them away from a blushing dread, and force the mind to know." Here the second "their" and "them" refer, probably, to the virgin young. Take the wits of the virgin young. Quicken these ever so shrewdly by means of budding senses. That is not enough. Apply the audible and visible. This will heat their sterner feelings. Their sterner feelings, once heated, will break them (the virgin young) away from a blushing dread, and will force the mind (that of the virgin young) to understand the ordinary facts of human nature and of society.

These are hard sayings, and the question which Criticism may ask, if she pleases, is, Ought fictitious narratives to be written in this kind of style? Narrative, the novel, romance, should, perhaps, be plainly and simply expressed. The author's tendency is, no doubt, to give us his best thoughts in his best words. The problem arises, What kind of words are the best? "The worst sort of writing," says M. Anatole France, "comes of trying to write too well." In truth, words can hardly be too simple, while the author's own private moralising can hardly be too much repressed, except as they inform his action and his characters. Of English novelists, the most reflective and the most apt to linger while they state their own ideas are Fielding, Thackeray, George Eliot, and Mr. Meredith. Many critics would say—M. Taine would probably say—that they all overdo this part, this subordinate part, of the novelist's business. But Fielding has a style so lucid, manly, and humorous that we would not willingly skip one of his parenthetical chapters. In reading Thackeray the most devoted admirer would often like to be permitted the use of a pair of scissors, to "cut" the moralising in "Philip" for example. To George Eliot science and Spencerism were will-o'-the-wisps, leading her away into the desert of disquisition. Mr. Meredith, I venture to hold, is misguided by his wit, and by his research for the subtle and the sharp. Unlike Corneille, he might sometimes write better without his *latin*—in the absence of that familiar spirit, his wit. Humour, in Fielding, as in Thackeray often, gently and kindly flows and mingle with the main current of the narrative. It is the pleasure of wit to keep breaking away—breaking, dancing, sparkling, with more or less of brilliance in the sparkle—scintillating, but seldom illuminating. As a humble but assiduous novel-reader, methinks that we may reproach an author with *trop d'esprit* or with *esprit* in the wrong place. If this be not an erroneous and presumptuous piece of fault-finding, surely we may exclaim that Mr. Meredith's last manner is rather to be admired than imitated. And we may understand Dryden's reasons for half wishing that we had an Academy. As we have none, and are not likely to have one, suppose our authors apply to themselves Dryden's Latin test!

OUR POOR HORSES.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

Every Englishman is fond of horses. Every Englishman is supposed to understand them, more or less. How many feel for them?

Circumspice! Look at the London streets. Your eyes are holden! You see nothing—nothing but smartly dressed people, the business world hurrying to and fro; patient, well-fed cattle dragging their cabs, carriages, carts, and omnibuses contentedly hither and thither in the best and pleasantest of worlds. You might as well go into a lighted ball-room and forget the Cancer Hospital hard by, or into a West-End club, and ignore the homeless crowds and seething slatternly immoralities in the midst of which General Booth and his officers live and move and have their being. Well, out of sight out of mind. The ball-room and the club are at least separated from the agony ward and the rag-and-tatter folk, but the streets—the streets of London! Muddy and crystal side by side, before all eyes flow the two streams of animal misery and human ease. How can we miss the horror of this dual spectacle? Yon lounging beauty, with the interesting but not spiritual pallor on her maiden cheek, just half through her first season, sits smiling unconsciously enough while her two black horses are tossing blood-flecked foam from their frothing, tightly bitted mouths. Presently she will alight at the flower-show, and for an hour or more those horses will stand writhing in discomfort and agony, the coachman will not get down to loosen their bearing-reins, but he will thrash the poor brutes till their sweat runs down in the sun—simply for helplessly moving their necks up and down, or stamping with pain—it looks so smart, "don't cher know!" The bits and curbs in the parks just now are worse than ever. Under the fierce denunciations of my dear old friend the late Mr. Flower—who wrote and spoke and used to patrol the parks and prosecute the offenders—cruel bits, with jagged ends, fierce curbs and bearing-reins, for about two seasons almost disappeared. He actually created a public opinion for a time; but he is dead, and the horses' best friend is gone. Gentle women of England, tender mothers, warm-hearted, generous girls—you are heedless or ignorant, but you are not cruel—don't allow your coachmen these abominable instruments of torture, these jags and spikes and agony bits! Let your horse stand naturally, and be treated humanely; nature and grace are better than affectation and brutality, whatever the ostler may think. You are only cruel from carelessness. I pray you every day, when the carriage comes round, or when you get home, look at your horses, and insist upon knowing what they have got in their mouths. "Whenever," as Mr. Flower used to say, "they bleed and foam or toss, you may be sure there is something wrong"—stop it.

Then, again, the police supervision of our streets is absolutely defective. Whenever there is a frost or a sudden rainfall on the slippery wood pavement, the over-loading is apparent and appalling. The coaling season is dreadful. Where in this city are the emergency horses so periodically needed for hills, which do not change their places, and for frozen roads, which are always slippery? Where is the sack or the handful of sand which should be whipped out (instead of whipping up the staggering horse) when he falls down? The owner of every horse who sticks with his load halfway, of every horse who has the life thrashed out of him on the road, should be heavily fined. The carters are frequently ignorant and brutal. The owners are the men to blame. But the police are callous, and the public soon gets timid when it knows that the police will side with the driver. Ah! believe me, it is useless to tinker up this great social scandal, which is hardly recognised as a scandal at all. A more advanced age will look back with horror and shame at our callous treatment of the noblest, gentlest, and most serviceable of domestic animals. I behold daily the arena of their trial—the streets, and the fields, and the high roads. I say they are in hell or purgatory—all—all of them, and a few years at most will bring them to as bad an Inferno or Purgatorio as Dante ever dreamed of for human criminals.

These poor innocent, faithful, helpful ones who never did man any injury, and receive at his hands such a ghastly reward! Think for a moment, dear lady, nursing that pug so tenderly, of a horse's life—with the rarest exceptions every horse's life. If he is fortunate, for a very few years he is well cared for and well fed. After a more or less severe, not to say cruel, training, he is set to run races or draw carriages, he hunts, or is variously ridden. Good! Then, when his strength begins to fail, he is sold for whatever he will fetch—gets less food when he wants more—gets more work when less able to do it—harder punishment in proportion as health and strength decline—worse stabling. Presently he falls into an omnibus or a cab; but he can't go the pace, and is not allowed the privilege of dropping in the street, then and there making an end of it, but is sold again, all sick and tottering, and is put to a brick-cart. There, at last, after a few months of wretched feeding, chills, no grooming, bad shelter, filthy straw, the poor old creature—prematurely old—with many sores, bent knees, and one if not both his eyes gone, has the last quarter of a mile thrashed out of him going up hill, and so dies and is at peace. That is the end of your fine carriage horse or your favourite mount. If this is not the history of every horse, it is the history of the vast majority of horses we see daily about the parks, however splendidly groomed and smart they may look for a time. How few masters can afford to shoot a faithful old horse! They don't: they sell him. That means hell. By the side of those last months of torture and exhaustion, those days of bitter toil, those awful restless nights of rheumatism, filth, and wretchedness and starvation in cab-yards, all the brutalities of tail-docking, firing, mutilation, bits, and tight bearing-reins—all previous hardships, I say, sink into insignificance. The evil lies too deep for patching up here and there. An entire change must come over the public at large before anything is done. A sense of human responsibility to these faithful dumb servants must somehow be born. At present the commonest instruction is wanting. Any man is allowed to have any horse and treat him almost anyhow. There is no popular teaching, no leaflets sown broadcast, about horses for the use of the masses, and the common men are quite as much ignorant as cruel. Rarely did a good deal by his doctrine of kindness, persuasion, and "treatment," but his lessons are ignored, or almost forgotten, when and where they are most needed.

That a horse is intelligent and willing, or can be made so, is the last idea which seems to occur to a common man, or even an average coachman. We want a popular flyleaf, with a few miscellaneous hints on the treatment of horses.

I commend the idea to Mr. Colam, the secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I dare say he could invent some very useful hints, and I hope he will lose no time in doing so, and in sowing them broadcast through our city streets for the benefit of Our Poor Horses.

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MR. PETER GEO. WRIGHT, Heath Town, Wolverhampton, Staffordshire, writes:— “ Jan. 7, 1890.

“ On Nov. 8 last year I was taken with a great pain and swelling in my left foot in the night; it was so painful I could not sleep, and in the morning I got downstairs on my hands and knees, so I had to sit in a chair all day. On the Friday about 7 o'clock my weekly paper came, the *Sheffield Telegraph*. I saw your advertisement for the Universal Embrocation, and sent 1½ mile for a small bottle. I commenced to give my foot a good rubbing, and I soon found relief. I rubbed it ten times that evening, and four times in the night. Saturday morning came: I could not go to market, so I set to work again with your Embrocation, and soon found that I could walk. I gave it a good rubbing every half-hour until 5 o'clock, when I put my boots on and walked four miles, and on Tuesday I walked six miles. I have never felt it since, and I shall always keep some in the house.”

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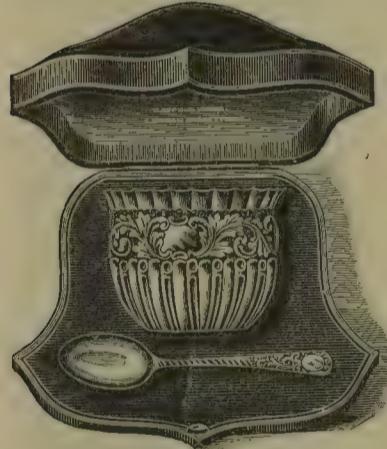
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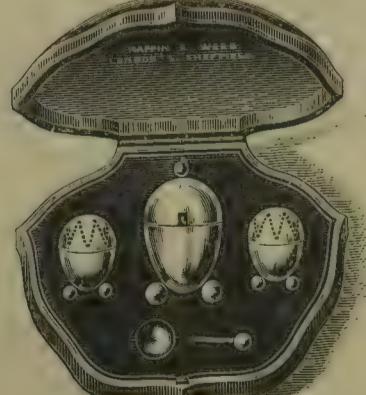
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"HEDDA GABLER."

AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS ELIZABETH ROBINS
AND MISS MARION LEA.

Whether or no witnessing the play of "Hedda Gabler," now about to be withdrawn from the boards of the Vaudeville Theatre, has had the effect of turning every pittite and stallite into an Ibsenite, may remain an open question, but certain it is that even against their better instincts the audiences have to a man—and woman—become Hedda Gablerites and Mrs. Elvstedites. The young ladies who have thus endeared two of Ibsen's most uncanny heroines to the British public are both of American birth; but there the likeness ends, for Miss Robins is a Southerner, and was born in old-world Kentucky, while a well-known Philadelphian Quaker family claims Miss Lea as one of themselves. It is, no doubt, this fundamental difference which makes the contrasts between the two specially interesting to note and so valuable from the artistic and dramatic point of view.

The low-ceilinged, gas-lit green-room of the Vaudeville Theatre forms a curious sombre setting to the twin managementes, the one tall and dark, the other slight and fair, but is not unbefitting the lingering echo of the last scene of "Hedda Gabler."

"I believe, Miss Lea, that you have been eight years already in England?"

"Yes, but I only began acting six years ago. I had studied singing, but was very anxious to act."

"Tell how you came to play in 'The Monk's Room'?" exclaims Miss Robins.

"Well, I had been to see a certain play, in which there was a part which made a great impression on me—that of a foreign adventuress named Clotilde. I felt sure that I could do something with it, but no one would give me an introduction to the author; even my dramatic agent utterly refused, saying that it would be of no use. But I just went on at him—writing, telegraphing, and, generally speaking, bothering his life out. At last, one day, I received a wire: '—will be at my office at twelve: come if you like.' You may imagine that I was punctual to the minute, but I became so nervous when going into the room where the author awaited me that I quite gave up any hope I had cherished of making a good impression. 'So you wish to play the part of Clotilde?' he said sharply. Then I had a sudden inspiration: 'Yes,' I said, 'I shood like too-oo; eet is very goot.' 'Are you English?' he asked. 'Oh! no, I am not Inglesh.' Well, he was so amused at my having thus walked into the part right away that I was allowed to play Clotilde after all. And that was one of my best chances," concluded Miss Lea, laughing at the recollection.

"And you, Miss Robins?"

"I consider that I got most of my theatrical experience and training at the Boston Museum, during two years hard all-round work. I played every kind and style of part—Goneril one day, Jessica the next; melodrama, English comedy, French farce, but, fortunately, Shakspearean and romantic drama for the most part."

"And after this severe schooling?"

"Well, I went touring with Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. They went starring all over the States, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and travelled something like twenty thousand miles before the season ended. We played Shakespeare generally—'Julius Cæsar' and the like—for, of course, there had to be the two good men's rôles in every play we performed."

"And was it after this tour that you paid your first visit to Europe?"

"Yes. I came to rest, and was taken to Norway for a complete change of thought and surroundings. There, for the first time, I heard of Henrik Ibsen, and I even was fortunate enough to become acquainted with several of the actors and actresses for whom his earlier plays had been written. One of them, a dear little old lady, Madame — told me a curious characteristic story about Ibsen. She was at rehearsal, and had been rather walking through her part: the author came to her quickly, exclaiming sharply, 'This won't do! You must act with your head, not with your hands and feet!'"

"I suppose the Ibsen dramas already acted in London inspired you?"

"Yes, partly. I came to England only *en passage*, not dreaming that I should stay more than a day or two. But I was detained, and, later, found an opportunity of playing Mrs. Errol in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' in Mrs. Beringer's company; and afterwards I played Martha in Ibsen's 'Pillars of Society,' which was the play chosen for Vera Beringer's benefit. It was on this occasion that Miss Geneviève Ward played Lona, and helped me with advice and assistance, which have been of such service in my work in England."

"And what made you think of producing 'Hedda Gabler'?"

"I saw 'The Doll's House,' and was much impressed with its power, but when 'Hedda Gabler' appeared it seemed to me Ibsen's best acting play. In fact, Miss Marion Lea and I both thought so, and thus slowly, and against much kind advice, we made up our minds to take a theatre and give the thing a trial. After all, it did seem hard never to act anything but from the pot-boiling point of view. It was a rash undertaking, no doubt, but we did the best thing we could do under the circumstances."

"Why, yes," said Miss Lea. "We went to a little cottage on Richmond Hill, and shut ourselves up all alone with Hedda and Mrs. Elvsted. There we studied and worked incessantly, thoroughly imbuing ourselves, or trying to imbue ourselves, with the spirit and feeling of the whole play—and our own parts in particular. After a great deal of careful thought, we decided on the cast we should like to find, and wrote to the various ladies and gentlemen we had thought of to ask them to collaborate with us; and I think everyone must admit we were very fortunate in our choice. I cannot tell you how kind everyone has been, or how hard they worked. As for us, we knew every word of our parts before leaving Richmond, and had worked up the smallest nuances. That time in the country was invaluable, for it would have been simply impossible to have studied so uninterruptedly in London. Everyone has helped us all round, and we were especially fortunate in having Mr. Foss, who arranged the Browning plays when acted by the Browning Society, for our stage-manager."

"Now I want to ask you a leading question, Miss Robins. What is your reading of Hedda Gabler's character?"

"Well, frankly, I do not care to discuss that question. I am an actress by profession"—smiling—"trying to make living the parts I play. My business is not to discuss characters by word of mouth, but to make my conceptions clear by my acting. If I have failed in making my audiences understand what I think of Hedda—well, I have failed."

"And you, Miss Lea, have you any special views about Mrs. Elvsted?"

"Well, I should hope so! And though I feel, as Miss Robins

does, that only by seeing an actress act you can understand her reading of her rôle, I don't mind saying that to me the dominant note in Mrs. Elvsted's nature is extreme simplicity, not foolishness or weakness, but simple guilelessness, which is loth to believe evil and slow to understand things unworthy."

"And you both believe that the British public is in a fair way to become Ibsenite, eh?"

"All we can say is that our audiences from the first have been both enthusiastic and intelligent, being alive to everything in the play, and it is pleasant to note that, as the days go on, we get a wider range—I mean, a different set of people come to see us. Even the gallery overflows with keenly interested spectators: this was not so much the case at the matinées, when our public, of course, nearly all knew Ibsen already."

M. A. B.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 28, 1883), with two codicils (dated April 7 and July 27, 1885), of Lady Charlotte Rachel Arbuthnot, formerly of Corstorphine Lodge, Ryde, Isle of Wight, and late of Elgin House, Burlington Place, Eastbourne, who died on April 23, was proved on May 15 by Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Roger Mostyn, the nephew, and Montagu Lewis Parkin, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £32,000. The testatrix makes specific bequests of articles of plate, jewellery, art, and ornament, by way of affectionate remembrance and regard to relatives and friends; and gives pecuniary legacies to sisters, nephews, nieces, and others, including £5000, upon trust, for Mrs. Emily Arbuthnot and her children. The residue of her estate whatsoever she leaves to her nephew, Colonel the Hon. Savage Mostyn.

The will of Sir Matthew Wilson, Bart., J.P., D.L., M.P. Clitheroe 1841-2 and 1847-53, Northern Division of West Riding of Yorkshire 1874-85, and Skipton Division 1885-6; of Ashton Hall, Gargrave, Yorkshire, and 30, Brunswick Square, Brighton, who died on Jan. 18, has been proved by Sir Matthew Wharton Wilson, Bart., the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £37,000.

The will (dated July 2, 1886), with a codicil (dated Jan. 3, 1889) of Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Frederick Macdonell, K.C.B., late of The Lodge, Hackbridge, Surrey, who died on April 30, was proved on May 15 by Arthur Willson Crosse and Sydney Alport, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £12,000. The testator bequeaths the plate and jewels which belonged to his late wife, and £4000, to Alfred Morris Cecil Dale; and legacies to his brother, executors, and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his nephews and nieces, the children of his brother, Hugh Guion Macdonell.

The will (dated March 25, 1891) of the Hon. Edward James Boscaen, late of Flaneswood, Seal, Kent, who died on April 10, was proved on May 12 by Townshend Evelyn Boscaen, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £4000. With the exception of the gift of a

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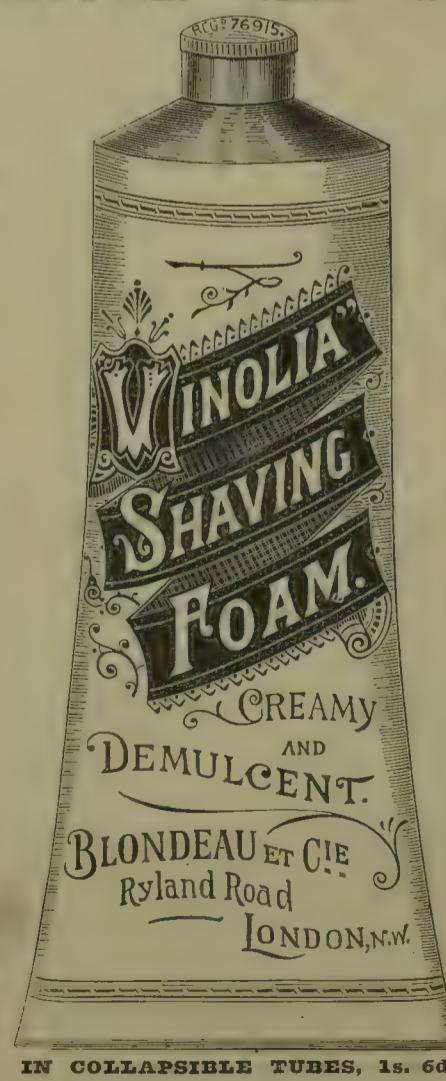
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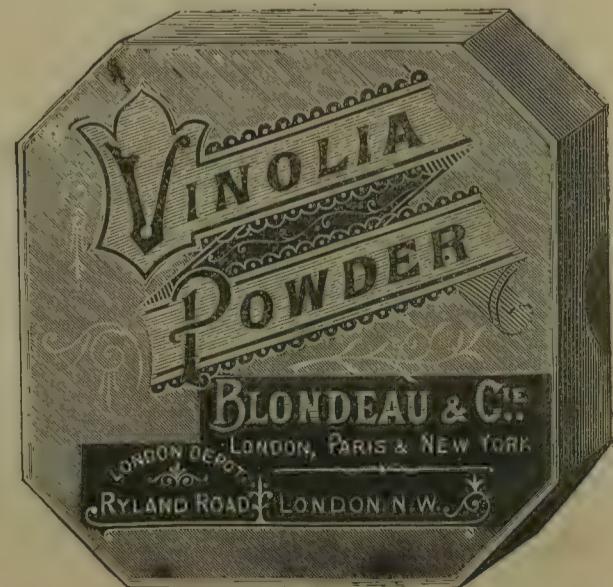
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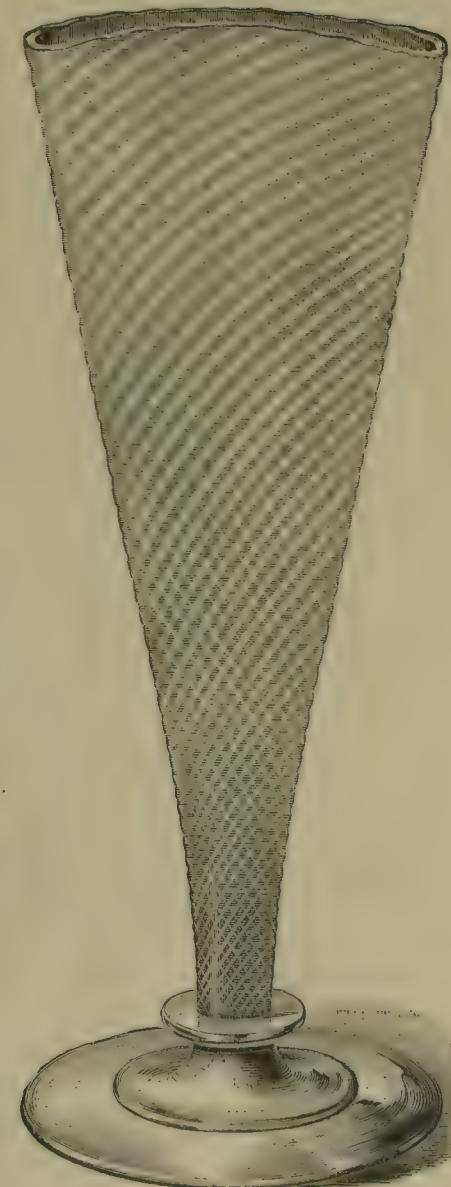
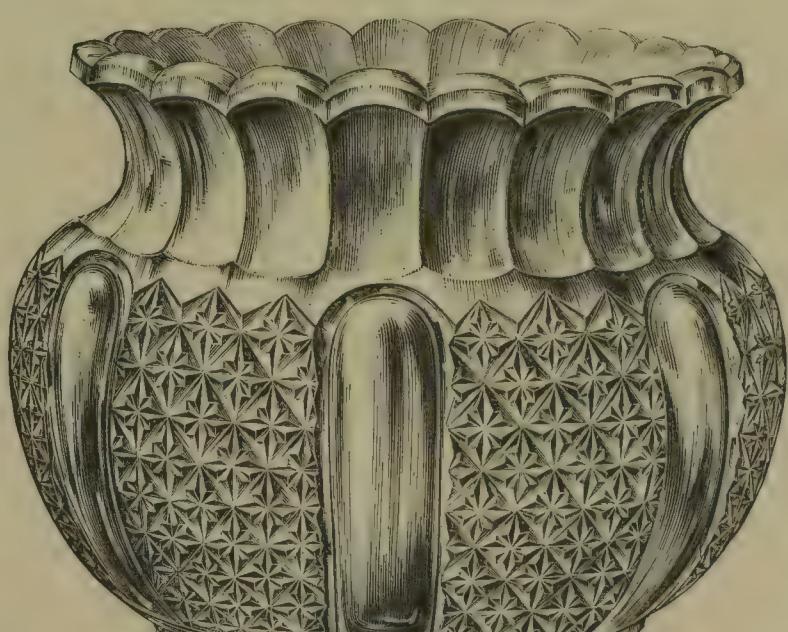
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8 in.	1s. 6d.	15 in.	4s. 0d.
10 in.	2s. 0d.	18 in.	6s. 0d.

drinking-cup to his executors, the testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his sisters, Florence and Gertrude Elizabeth. Upon the death or marriage of the survivor of them, he gives £100 to his executors; £500 each to his nieces Lucy and Mary Hyacinth Deane; and the ultimate residue to be divided between his nieces Ethel, Blanche, and Margaret Boscowen.

The will of the Hon. Lady Emily Cadogan, widow of General the Hon. Sir George Cadogan, late of 1, Chester Terrace, Eaton Square, who died on March 4, was proved on May 1 by Horace James Henry Cadogan, the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2697.

The will (dated March 31, 1890) of Mr. Thomas Walker, D.L., J.P., late of The Woodlands, Doncaster, who died on March 27, has now been proved, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £131,000.

The will (dated June 10, 1890), with a codicil (dated March 12, 1891), of Mr. Robert Samuel Palmer, formerly of 4, Trafalgar Square, and of Dromquinna, Kenmare, in the county of Kerry, and late of 29, Pulteney Street, Bath, who died on April 21, was proved on May 14 by Sir John Charles Ready Colomb, K.C.M.G., M.P., the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £68,000. The testator bequeathes £10,000, fifty shares in the New York Central Railway, and all his guaranteed Four per Cent. Stock in the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada to his daughter Maria Louisa Palmer; £100 to his daughter Mrs. Helen Blanche Rochefort, who had ample provision made for her on her marriage; £10,000 to his daughter Lady Colomb, in addition to the provision already made for her and her husband; and legacies to grandchildren and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his daughter Lady Colomb, and her husband.

The will (dated Jan. 2, 1879); with three codicils (dated July 8, 1884; Sept. 30, 1886; and Feb. 8, 1889), of Mr. Charles Frederick Hancock, late of Hendon Hall, Hendon, who died

on Feb. 10, was proved on May 20 by Lieutenant-Colonel Mortimer Hancock and Charles Frederick Hancock, the sons, and Herbert Fleming Baxter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £63,000. The testator leaves the Hendon Hall estate to the use of his wife, Mrs. Maria Jane Hancock, for life, and then for his children or remoter issue, as she shall appoint; certain freehold and leasehold properties at Hendon to the use of his daughter Mrs. Maria Jane Baxter, for life, then for her husband, Herbert Fleming Baxter, for life, and then for their children or issue, as they shall appoint; a freehold house in Clifford Street, New Bond Street, to his daughter Mrs. Jane Annie Marshall, for life, then to her husband, Charles Marshall, for life, and then to their children or issue, as they shall appoint; a house in New Bond Street to his son Charles Frederick, for life, and then to his children, as he shall appoint; £10,000 to his said son Charles Frederick; £500 to each of his executors; all the household furniture, plate, pictures, wines, stores, horses, carriages, farming stock, and effects, inside and outside his residence Hendon Hall, to his wife; and his furniture and effects at Roxley House, Willian, Herts, to his son Mortimer. Out of his moneys in the firm of Hancock and Co. he bequeathes £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Mrs. Constance Pilcher and her children, and the remainder of the said moneys to his children, as his wife shall appoint. He confirms various settlements, in particular the settlement of the Willian estate, and gives and devises all his freehold, copyhold, and other estates in the county of Hertford to go with the Willian estate. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his said two sons, Mortimer and Charles Frederick.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Dec. 19, 1890) of Mr. Owen Fogarty, J.P., late of Upper Aughrim, in the county of Wicklow, who died on Feb. 15, granted to Charles Gibbons Stanwell and John Fogarty, the executors, has been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £34,000. The testator bequeathes

£100 and an annuity of £100 to his wife; £2000 each to his daughters, Margaret Anne, Mary Essy, Agnes, and Frances; and an annuity of £65 to his daughter Kate. The residue of his real and personal estate is to be equally divided between his sons, John, Eugene, William, and Peter.

The will (dated April 26, 1888) of Mrs. Charlotte Mary Dugdale, late of Goldingtons, near Sarratt, Herts, who died on March 18, was proved on May 7 by James Lionel Dugdale, the son, and Captain Charles Percival Barchard, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £19,000. The testatrix bequeathes her diamond pendant and Landseer dessert service to her said son; £250 each to her son-in-law, Captain Barchard; and her grandson, Guy Dugdale Barchard; and £50 to her maid, Jane Bosworth. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, as to one third for each of her daughters, Charlotte Ellen Barchard, Gertrude Dugdale, and Violet Dugdale.

Harper's Magazine for June bears the imprint of Messrs. James R. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co. of Albemarle Street, instead of Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. as heretofore. This latter firm, however, will henceforth publish the *Nineteenth Century*, instead of Messrs. Kegan, Paul, and Co. Mr. George Du Maurier's story, "Peter Ibbetson," which commences in the June *Harper*, professes to be written from a criminal lunatic asylum. The tale is delightfully illustrated by the author.

The Duke of Clarence and Avondale, on behalf of his father, the Prince of Wales, visited Great Yarmouth on May 21, and opened a bazaar in aid of the fund for restoring the ancient parish church. His Royal Highness subsequently lunched with the officers of the Prince of Wales's Own Norfolk Artillery, and was present at the inspection of the regiment by General Buchanan. At night the Prince attended a ball given at the Royal Aquarium by Lord Suffield and the officers of the regiment.

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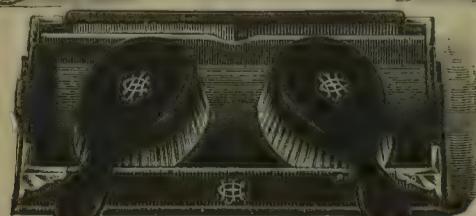
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SECOND NOTICE.

In addition to the works in the West Room, to the contents of which our previous notice was limited, should be mentioned the thoughtful portrait of Miss Clough, the Principal of Newham College, by Mr. J. J. Shannon, a worthy companion to Mr. Richmond's portrait of Miss Gladstone, which was exhibited a year or two ago. Mr. W. Llewellyn's portrait of Mrs. Reekitt, in a green costume of various shades, is a masterpiece of elegance; but the face is made subordinate to the costume.

Among the landscapes, Mr. David Murray's "Season of Mists and Mellow Fruitfulness" is a bold essay in colouring, of which the full effect is hampered by the "milk-and-water distance," which is too opaque. Mr. W. Padgett, in his less complex treatment of "Hurried Clouds on the South Downs," produces a stronger effect, and, if we may be permitted to add, a more poetical result; while Mr. Robert W. Allan's sombre treatment of the scenery of the Loire falls little short of Mr. Padgett's success. The Earl of Carlisle and Mr. Ridley Corbet both show the influence of Professor Costa's teaching, and it is interesting to compare the works of the professor with those of his pupils, and to see, in the treatment of Tuscan scenery especially, each infuses into his work his own personality, and indicates his own special aims. The Professor's own delicate work can be seen to advantage in his "First Steps on the Pontine Marshes," in the adjoining room.

In the North Room, Mr. W. B. Richmond contributes his most important picture of the year, "Amor omnia vincit," but, unfortunately, the change in the proverb suggests, in painting at least, "labour" still claims its due. Possibly the picture is still unfinished, and its hard straight lines may yet be softened; but nothing will, we think, give grace to a figure of which the waist is on a level with the hips—nor will harmony be found in the present arrangements of yellow and red. The only other imaginative works dealing with Greek poetry are Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Circe" (153) and Mr. J. D. Batten's "Demeter and Persephone" (189), treated in a broader spirit than by the President at Burlington House. Mr. Waterhouse's picture may be regarded as the sequel to his Academy picture, but it falls far below it both in colour and arrangement. Circe is seated in front of a circular mirror, so that the double reflection of her face may be seen—a faithful adherence to the Homeric text, but not particularly adapted for pictorial effect. The best part of the composition

is the harmonious colouring, especially the varying shades of blue and violet in the gauze dress of the enchantress. Mr. Richmond's portraits include Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox (173) in a black dress, and Miss Lewis, in green; but neither sitter seems to have inspired him with enthusiasm for his work. Mr. J. J. Shannon, on the other hand, is rapidly taking his place among fashionable painters—as his rendering of the Duchess of Portland, a model of simplicity and unaffected pose, bears witness. Possibly it attracts us all the more as being a protest against the "costume" portraits, in which dress and its accessories occupy so much of the painter's attention and skill; but it is not everyone who would be content to appear in public in a plain white dress and a pink sash, as Mr. Shannon's sitter has done. There is a slight stiffness in the left arm of the lady, which would easily disappear with a little more modelling, but, in other respects, the portrait is one of the most attractive in the gallery. Mr. Arthur Hacker's portrait of Mrs. J. B. Brine (158), in a brown velvet dress, is as fine a bit of brush-work as can be desired, clever in arrangement and good in colour. It is a pity, however, that the school to which Mr. Hacker belongs should have the trick of painting away the contour of the face into the shadow behind. There are very few conditions of light in which such an effect can be possible, and it gives the suggestion of a certain want of confidence on the part of the artist. Such a reproach, at all events, cannot be addressed to the anonymous lady (156) whose gorgeously draped person Sir John Millais has painted. On the crimson velvet and on the diamonds and emeralds the pains bestowed find their reward; but there is nothing in the face itself which justifies such elaboration. Professor Hermann's picture of Lady Helen Fergusson (167), in a white dress and pink sash, is at once hard and childish in expression, and is as disappointing as his kinsman's portrait of Admiral Edward Seymour (130), in undress uniform, is spirited and strong. Mr. Percy Bigland's seated portrait of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Jacob Hood's of the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Kennedy's of Mr. Akers Douglas, do not add much to our knowledge of those politicians; while Mr. Rudyard Kipling, in a white coat, and Mr. Henry Irving, reading by lamplight, by the Hon. John Collier and Mr. W. H. Bartlett respectively, are rather skilful paint-puzzles than serious attempts at portraiture. On the other hand, Mr. Jacob Hood's portrait of a lady (188), conceived in the spirit of Romney, is a delicate work worthy of attention.

The landscapes in this room might admirably serve for a course of lectures illustrative of the seasons of the year and the

hours of the day. Spring is depicted by Mr. Walter Maclaren, "By the Edge of the Stream" (181); "Midsummer" (126), by Mr. Charles Wyllie, and even more delicately by Mr. Thorne Waite, and with greater strength and imaginative power by Mr. David Murray (177); "September" (128) is illustrated by Mr. James Grace; "October" (116), in far richer tones and with more delicacy, by Mr. Albert Goodwin; while the "Winter of our Discontent" (133) is rendered more than bearable by Mr. G. H. Boughton, although the sky above and the snow below wear that uniform of grey which a few months ago seemed so monotonously persistent. Mr. Ernest Parton's "Close of the Day" (170) is, as usual, a truthful study, full of light and colour, of Thames scenery under its most favourable aspect; but Mr. Adrian Stokes, who has chosen a later hour, that of the "Setting Sun" (157), evolves a still more poetical scene—a girl milking cows on the edge of a cliff overlooking the sea, into which the orb of day is slowly sinking; and Mr. H. D. Peppercorn, treating almost the same hour (139), when even less colour remains in the sky, recalls the atmospheric effects of Corot, as Mr. Stokes does the poetry of Jules Breton. Mr. Philip Burne-Jones is nothing if not eccentric in subject and colour; but his "Earthrise from the Moon" (190) deserves attention on other grounds, for he has, by the simple device of transferring himself to the satellite, discovered the real painting place of those artists who have abandoned all hope of rendering atmosphere in their pictures.

In the South Room, Mr. G. F. Watts deals with "Forty-first Day of the Deluge"—"when the fountains of the deep and the windows of heaven were stopped," representing the sun attempting to pierce the clouds and mist which overhang the submerged world. As a "fantasia" of colour the result is remarkable, and no one, perhaps, could have rendered the delicate gradations of colour with so much skill; but Mr. Watts seems to have forgotten that the cessation of the rain was ushered in and accompanied by a mighty wind, and of this there is no sign in the silent, motionless scene depicted. There is little else of great importance in this room, the most noteworthy landscape being Mr. Wm. Padgett's delightfully sympathetic studies of Autumn (241) and Winter (237), in our southern counties. Mr. Hope McLachlan's Constable-like scene "The Thrush" (232) is conceived in a more genial spirit than he generally indulges in. Mr. Heywood Hardy's "Tam o' Shanter" (255) and Mr. C. W. Furse's "Flight" (202) are both slightly overdone—the former in weirdness, the latter in effort. The "Newlyn School" is not held in favour at the New Gallery, and the only work in any way approaching its



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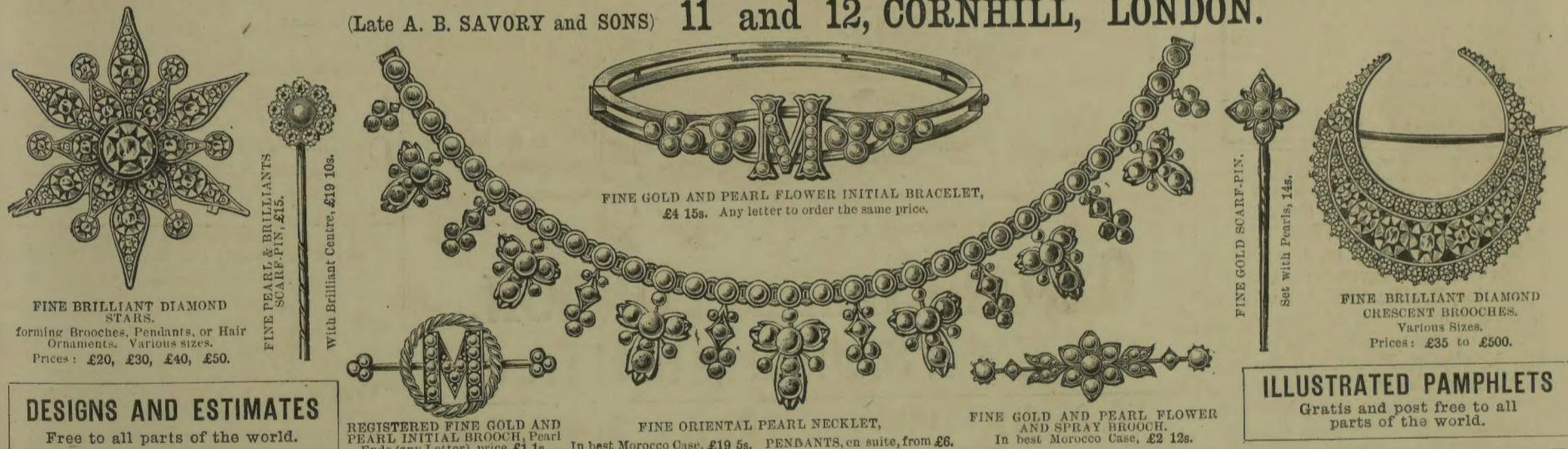
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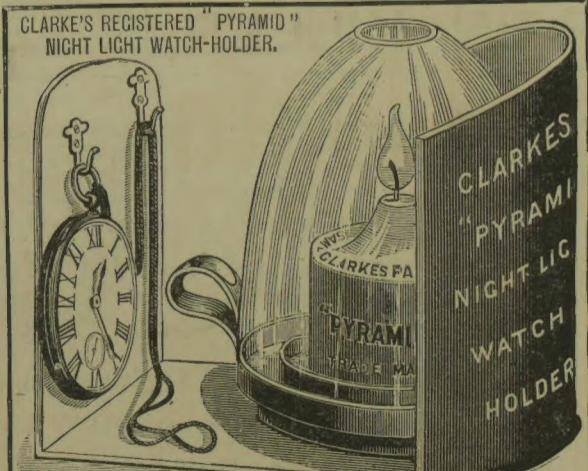
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